

The

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INTRODUCTION.

WHEN we closed our editorial labors upon the third volume of the Metropolitan, we instinctively threw ourselves back in our arm chair, drew a long breath as if the labor of a life-time was over, and prepared to take a respite from our toils. But no: another editorial year comes upon the past, just as one month follows another, and we find ourselves again upon the beaten track. We are once more at the helm of the Metropolitan, and with cheerful heart and firm resolve, determined to do our part towards realizing the high and important objects for which the work was undertaken, and rendering it a periodical worthy of its wide-spread and increasing patronage.

It may be due from us to say to our numerous readers, that for the coming year we will introduce some marked improvements in the arrangement and diversity of our materials; we do claim for the past, that we have given an amount of substantial and valuable reading matter equal to any to be found collected in the same compass, and at a price which places it within the reach of all classes. At the same time, however, we have thought an advantageous change might be made by introducing more light reading, which will amuse while it instructs the young minds around the domestic fireside. We shall devote, for this purpose, a certain number of pages of each number to excerpts from general history, to historical and other anecdotes, and as far as practicable, to short and pointed paragraphs upon all suitable subjects likely to prove interesting. Particular attention will be paid to the introduction of *Illustrations*, of such a character, as will be both pleasing and instructive.

Otherwise, we will make some minor changes which will soon speak for themselves; among other things the *Record of Events* will

be kept up with the strictest fidelity. Our readers will readily understand that a magazine of this kind does not purport to be a *newspaper*; it is rather a repository of valuable knowledge worth retaining, and, as it were, a sort of portfolio, where fugitive literature of the better class is conveniently preserved for reading at leisure, and for permanent reference.

We can confidently promise that the Metropolitan for the coming year will be well stored with original and selected articles, which must make it a welcome as well as a profitable visitor in every Catholic family. We cannot promise that there will be nothing in it subject to the keen shafts of criticism, for, of course, every defect is fair game for the critic, and we are willing always to bear just criticism, and to profit by it; yet we cannot but deprecate the captious spirit which makes trivial defects matters of serious moment. Among the varied articles which fill our pages, it holds to reason that some must be better, some worse; but even uniform perfection, if attainable, would not escape the assaults of those whose genius runs exclusively in the line of fault-finding.

While then we promise many excellencies, we have not the assurance to say that there may not be some accompanying defects, but it will be our part to see that these defects shall carry with them no evil, and shall leave no sting behind. We trust then to the generosity and the leniency of our readers; so far, we have had their approbation to an extent which gives us every encouragement, and we hope that our increased efforts to please will be met on their part with corresponding satisfaction. We may say in conclusion, that we have arranged for a regular series of *Biographical* and *Historical Sketches of Eminent American Catholics*, and others who have been distinguished in the history of this country. We subjoin the names of a few, that our readers may judge of the interest which the whole series will impart:

Father Andrew White; Gov. Leonard Calvert; Abp. Carroll; Charles Carroll, of Carrollton; Commodore John Barry, U. S. N.; Stephen Mayland, Quarter Master General to the Army of the Revolution; Cardinal Cheverus; Rev. Charles Nerincks; Abp. Leonard Neale; Rt. Rev. Edward Fenwick, Bishop of Cincinnati; Bishop Benedict Joseph Fenwick; Bishop Benedict Joseph Flaget; Bishop Simon Gabriel Bruté; Abp. Dubourg; Abp. Whitfield; Abp. Marechal; V. Rev. Gabriel Richard; Mother Seton; Bishop Chanche; V. Rev. S. Badin; Rev. Joseph Marcoux; Rev. Anthony Rey; Rev. Isaac Jogues; Rev. Gabriel de la Rabourde; Fathers Du Poisson, Souel and Sénat; V. Rev. Anthony Garnier; Judge Gaston, of N. Carolina; Bishop England; V. Rev. William Matthews; Rev. Father Molyneux, and several other eminent clergymen and laymen.

RISE AND WANE OF FREEDOM.

The Day-Star of American Freedom; or, the Birth and Early Growth of Toleration in the Province of Maryland, &c. By GEORGE LYNN-LACHLAN DAVIS, of the Bar of Baltimore. New York: C. Scribner. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

WHATEVER truth there may be in the maxim, that "history is philosophy teaching by example," it cannot be said that mankind in general are disposed to profit by the great practical lessons which it delivers. After the long series of revolutions that have changed the face of the earth; after the successive convulsions that have destroyed empires and raised up others in their stead; after all the significant warnings of experience, with the immense advancement of civilization, the general diffusion of knowledge, and the universal intercourse of nations, the bad passions of men seem to be as actively and extensively at work as ever, in sowing the seed of discord and invoking the calamities of war. The last seventy years have exhibited civil feuds and conflicts of people against people, as fierce and sanguinary perhaps as any that have been recorded of barbarous and heathen times; and the wars and rumors of wars that now agitate society, the unrest of governments, the elements of confusion and strife that are secretly working throughout the whole political world, like the smouldering fires of the volcano, which inspire a continual dread of some fearful eruption, are unquestionable evidences of the fact, that although nations have received constant and solemn instruction from the past, they are but little, if in any degree, chastened or rendered more wise by the teachings of experience.

Such is the effect of man's shortsightedness, but still more of that weakness which so merges his thoughts and faculties in the actualities of life, as to render him unmindful or regardless of the impressive lessons conveyed by the history of by-gone days. Confining his views within the narrow compass of the present, he perceives not the general results which he is contributing to accomplish: he sees not how the disregard of established principles, into which he is insensibly drawn by the ardor of passion or the pursuit of interest, will inevitably produce a repetition of past disaster, and involve him, as it did those before him, in the very destruction which he is so solicitous to avert. Thus is the old saying verified: *Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat*. By the abuse of free-will, which God has conferred upon man for the election of good, he co-operates in his own ruin, in the fulfilment of that universal law by which Divine Providence brings to nought the structures of human folly, and causes the star of a people's power and prosperity to set forever. "When the vices of men," says Dr. Blair, "require punishment to be inflicted, the Almighty is at no loss for ministers of justice. A thousand instruments of vengeance are at his command: innumerable arrows are always in his quiver. But such is the profound wisdom of his plan, that no peculiar interposals of power are requisite. He has no occasion to step from his throne, and to interrupt the order of nature. With the majesty and solemnity which befit Omnipotence, he pronounces, 'Ephraim has gone to his idols, let him alone.'"^{*} In more imposing language has the eloquent Bossuet proclaimed the same truth: "God holds on high the balance of all kingdoms—all hearts are in his hands: sometimes he lets loose the passions—sometimes he restrains them; by these means he moves the whole human race. . . . Does he wish to raise up legislators—he

^{*} Serm. 14.

pours into their minds the spirit of foresight and wisdom. He causes them to foresee the evils which menace the State, and to lay deep in wisdom the foundation of public tranquillity. He knows that human intellect is ever contracted in some particulars. He then draws the film from its eyes, extends its views, and afterwards abandons it to itself—blinds it, precipitates it to destruction. Its precautions become the snare that entraps; its foresight the subtlety that destroys it. In this way does God exercise his redoubtable judgments according to the immutable laws of eternal justice. . . . When he wishes to pour out the vials of his wrath, and overturn empires, all becomes weak and vacillating in their conduct. Egypt, once so wise, became intoxicated, and faltered at every step, because the Most High had poured the spirit of madness into its counsels. It no longer knew what step to take; it faltered, it perished.”*

The attentive observer is easily led into this train of thought, by the events that are transpiring in our midst, and, if any instruction can be derived from the philosophy of history, which unfolds to us the causes of a nation's greatness or degradation, he cannot resist the conviction, that the factious elements which have been suffered of late to invade the sphere of political discussion, and confound the efforts of legislative wisdom, bode no good to our common country. When men take counsel from party considerations, selfish views, religious bigotry, instead of following for the public good that light of experience which for three-quarters of a century has displayed the secret of our national growth and prosperity, it is evident that a radical change is working in the original order of things; that tyranny, sooner or later, will usurp the place of freedom; and that this boasted land of enlightened republicanism, shorn of its characteristic glory, will fall back into that very state of political oppression which it once cast off. Amid the confusion of ideas and the excitement of minds that have been generated by the conflict of interests and the heat of passion, the *Day-Star of American Freedom* appears with an opportune splendor, and is destined, we hope, to dissipate much of the darkness that overhangs the political horizon. It is the production of a true son of Maryland, a distinguished member of the legal profession, and a staunch Protestant, who unwilling to be a victim of clamorous bigotry, or to sacrifice the lessons of experience to the suggestions of a bastard patriotism, points to one of the great beacon-lights of history, and displays to the admiration of his countrymen the noble example of the Catholic founders of Maryland. The work of Mr. Davis is the result of considerable research, and shows conclusively from the evidence of original documents, which is presented in great detail, that the spirit of the Maryland colonists affords a most useful subject of meditation for the statesmen and legislators of the present day.

“Our ancestors had seen the evils of intolerance; they had tasted the bitter cup of persecution. Happy is he whose moral sense has not been corrupted by bigotry, whose heart is not hardened by misfortune, whose soul (the spring of generous impulse) has never been dried up by the parching adversities of life! They brought with them in ‘The Ark’ and ‘The Dove,’ the elements of that liberty they had so much desired, themselves, in the old world, and which to others in the new, of a different faith, they were too good and too just to deny. Upon the banks of the St. Mary's, in the soil of Maryland, amid the wilderness of America, they planted that seed which has since become a tree of life to the nation, extending its branches and casting its shadows across a whole continent. The records have been carefully searched. No case of persecution occurred during the administration of Governor Leonard Calvert, from the foundation of the settlement at St.

* Discours sur l'hist. Univ. ad fin.

Mary's, to the year 1647. His policy included the humblest as well as the most exalted; and his maxim was, PEACE TO ALL—PROSCRIPTION TO NONE. RELIGIOUS LIBERTY WAS A VITAL PART of the earliest common law of the province." p. 37.

Not many years elapsed before this common law became incorporated in the statutes of the province. By a legislative enactment in 1649, "freedom, in the fullest sense, was secured to all believers in Christianity; to Roman Catholics and Protestants, to Episcopalians and Puritans, to Calvinists and Armenians, and to Christians of every other name coming within the meaning of the Assembly." After enumerating the different points in America and Europe, whence settlers directed their eager steps to the asylum of freedom in Maryland, the author adds:

"I have attempted to trace the birth and early growth of our religious liberty, under its successive phases; showing the harmony between the proprietary and the planters; explaining the legislation of the provincial Assembly according to the rights and obligations springing out of the charter; and sketching the effects of so liberal a system upon the colonization of Maryland. Without reference to the credit due either to the Roman Catholic or to the Protestant Assemblymen of 1649, it is but proper to add, what will be denied by no one at all familiar with the colonial records, that the legislative policy so honorable to our ancestors and so beneficial in its influence, underwent no material change, except a few years later, at the short period of the ascendancy of the Puritans; and in 1689, at the complete overthrow of the proprietary's government—an event which resulted in the establishment of the Anglican Church, and in the persecution of the Roman Catholics." p. 86.

In alluding to this ungrateful return for the liberality received at the hands of the Catholic colonists, Mr. Davis quotes several documents, to show the utter falsehood of the pretexts by which it was attempted to justify it. In the 9th chapter of his work, the reader will find a very interesting sketch of the social condition of Maryland from its foundation to the Protestant revolution in 1689. In the pages that follow, the author furnishes the names of the legislators in the Assembly of 1649, shows the predominance of the Catholic element, and the majority of the Catholic population in the province, paying a just tribute to the zeal of the clergy, (who were real Jesuits,) and to the liberal policy of those under their spiritual charge.

"Before the year 1649, they labored with their lay assistants, in various fields; and around their lives will forever glow a bright and glorious remembrance. Their pathway was through the desert; and their first chapel, the wigwam of an Indian. Two of them were here, at the dawn of our history; they came to St. Mary's with the original emigrants; they assisted, by pious rites, in laying the corner-stone of a state; they kindled the torch of civilization in the wilderness; they gave consolation to the grief-stricken pilgrim; they taught the religion of CHRIST to the simple sons of the forest. The history of Maryland presents no better, no purer, no more sublime lesson than the story of the toils, sacrifices, and successes of her early missionaries.

"Looking then at the question, under both of its aspects—regarding the faith, either of the delegates, or of those whom they substantially represented—we cannot but award the chief honor to the members of the Roman Church. To the Roman Catholic freemen of Maryland, is justly due the main credit arising from the establishment, by a solemn legislative act, of religious freedom for all believers in Christianity." p. 159, &c.

This great fact of our colonial history is not without its significance. The dispassionate and reflecting mind cannot fail to perceive, that it conveys an important lesson: that while it claims the grateful recollection of the present generation, it points out the true source of our political wisdom and national happiness. Such is

the conclusion which Mr. Davis draws from his historical labors, and suggests to the candid consideration of his countrymen :

"Let not the Protestant historian of America give grudgingly. Let him testify, with a warm heart; and pay, with gladness, the tribute so richly due to the memory of our early forefathers. Let their deeds be enshrined in our hearts; and their names repeated in our households. Let them be canonized, in the grateful regards of the American; and handed down, through the lips of a living tradition, to his most remote posterity. In an age of cruelty, like true men, with heroic hearts, they fought the first great battle of religious liberty. And their fame, without reference to their faith, is now the inheritance, not only of Maryland, but also of America." p. 258.

The voice that utters this language, is evidently a voice for peace, and we trust, it will receive a rich reward: "blessed are the peace-makers." This voice comes to us as a friendly and patriotic warning, to beware of passing delusions and untried schemes, and to cherish with practical reverence that wisdom which is known to have stood the test of experience, and to have shed the brightest lustre upon our colonial annals. The admonition is the more worthy of regard, as it is heralded with still greater force by the experience of the nation ever since the dawn of the republic. When the most eminent statesmen of the country drafted the constitution of the United States, and the people subsequently adopted it as the basis and guarantee of the national welfare, the chief point of distinction between it and the old colonial governments and the policy of foreign states, was the abolition of religious tests, and the qualification of all the citizens to share in the honors, while it obligated them to bear the burthens of the state. It was this grand feature of our fundamental law, that harmonized all differences, that drew a veil of oblivion over the grievances and feuds of the past, and caused all hearts to throb with one common aspiration for their country's welfare: and there cannot be a doubt, that this political equality, which constituted the peculiar glory of the confederacy and the essential difference between it and other governments, has also been the main source of its increasing prosperity during the seventy-two years of its existence.

But, now as in preceding ages, here as well as under the most tyrannical governments, fanaticism and religious bigotry have conspired to extinguish the light of experience, and under pretence of guarding the liberties of the nation, would absurdly tear from the political fabric the very elements which have hitherto formed its strength, and alone entitled it to the glorious character of a free republic. It is a trite, yet significant maxim, "let well alone:" and wisdom would teach us, that a policy under which a nation has grown up and become powerful, its boundaries have been enlarged, its commerce extended, its wild wastes made to teem with an industrious population, its people blessed with the means of education, and all left free in the practice of religion, according to their respective views—that a policy like this could not be superseded with impunity, or make way for an opposite system without leading eventually to opposite results. Yet, such is the blindness of the human mind, when swayed by passion or prejudice, that it advocates the most contradictory propositions and commits the most inconsistent acts. The English were once well told by Sydney Smith, that their conduct towards the Irish was like that of a man, "who subscribes to hospitals, weeps at charity sermons, carries out broth and blankets to beggars, and then comes home and beats his wife and children." They had compassion for the victims of all other oppression and injustice except their own. Such is pretty much the case

amongst us, however strange it may appear. "If the passionate rage of fanaticism and partisan spirit" says President Pierce, "did not force the fact upon our attention, it would be difficult to believe that any considerable portion of the people of this enlightened country could have so surrendered themselves to a fanatical devotion to the supposed interests of the relatively few Africans in the United States, as totally to abandon and disregard the interests of the twenty-five millions of Americans—to trample under foot the injunctions of moral and constitutional obligation—and to engage in plans of vindictive hostility against those who are associated with them in the enjoyment of the common heritage of our national institutions."* But fanaticism does not reason. We have a superabounding and most ardent zeal for the planting of civil and religious freedom in other lands; but we are not willing to allow people the enjoyment of it at home. Our country has flourished beyond all precedent, owing to the wisdom of those who founded the republic: and we are told by the demagogues and other reformers of the day, that in order to perpetuate this prosperity we must subvert the very policy that created it: that if we wish to maintain the high position the country has acquired among the nations of the earth, we must introduce disaffection, jealousy and contention among the people: that to preserve undimmed the glorious distinction it has obtained in the world, we must eschew the principles of civil and religious freedom, and go back to the old restrictions and persecutions for conscience' sake which prevailed in the colonies!

It is well known, that prior to the revolution religious persecution existed in all the American provinces: the Puritans were disfranchised in Virginia, the Episcopalians in Massachusetts, and the Catholics were everywhere under the ban. The last mentioned were confined chiefly to Maryland, and, says McMahon, "in a colony which was established by Catholics, and grew up to power and happiness under the government of a Catholic, the *Catholic inhabitant was the only victim of intolerance*."† Without enumerating the many grievances under which they labored, it is sufficient to remark that they all grew out of an anti-Catholic bigotry, disguised under various pretexts of danger to the state and to Protestantism. Such is precisely the cry at the present day. Though the wisdom of our republican forefathers scouted these morbid fancies, there are men who pretend to emulate the virtues of their political sires, by reviving the very oppression which it is the glory of the latter to have abolished! It is true that some gentlemen make a distinction between persecution and the deprivation of political office: but, as Sydney Smith well observes,‡ "there is no more distinction between these two things than there is between him who makes the distinction and a booby. If I strip off the relic-covered jacket of a Catholic, and give him twenty stripes . . . I persecute; if I say, every body in the town where you live shall be a candidate for lucrative and honorable offices, but you who are a Catholic, . . . I do not persecute!—What barbarous nonsense is this! as if degradation was not as great an evil as bodily pain, or as severe poverty; as if I could not be as great a tyrant by saying, you shall not enjoy, as by saying—you shall suffer. The English, I believe, are as truly religious as any nation in Europe: I know no greater blessing: but it carries with it this evil in its train, that any villain who will bawl out, "*the Church is in danger*," may get a place and a good pension; and that any administration who will do the same thing may bring a set of men into power,

* Last Message.

† History of Maryland.

‡ Plymley Letters, Let. 2—addressed to Rev. Abraham Plymley.

who, at a moment of stationary and passive piety, would be hooted at by the boys in the streets. But it is not all religion: it is, in great part, that narrow and exclusive spirit, which delights to keep the common blessings of sun, and air, and freedom from other human beings. 'Your religion has always been degraded; you are in the dust, and I will take care you never rise again. I should enjoy less the possession of an earthly good, by every additional person to whom it was extended.' You may not be aware of it yourself, most reverend Abraham, but you deny their freedom to the Catholics upon the same principle that Sarah your wife refuses to give the receipt of a ham or a gooseberry dumpling: she values her receipts, not because they secure to her a certain flavor, but because they remind her that her neighbors want it—a feeling laughable in a priestess, shameful in a priest; venial, when it withholds the blessings of a ham, tyrannical and execrable when it narrows the boon of religious freedom."

It may not be useless here briefly to inquire, how this anti-Catholic uproar originated. If it has arisen in any degree from the growth of Catholicity in this free country, and from the apprehension of its still wider diffusion, is it not a concession that Protestantism cannot bear the test of enlightened investigation, and that in the fair field of argument the Catholic Church will have the advantage? It would certainly be a strong argument in favor of the Catholic religion, if its adversaries found it necessary, in order to check its progress, to subject its professors to civil disabilities. If the excitement in question has any political grounds; if any man supposes, that Catholicity is incompatible with a free government, or the most tolerant system of policy, let him recall the bright and happy days of the Maryland colony under its Catholic proprietary: let him consult the history of the United States. Are not these undeniable facts, without reference to others, more than sufficient to refute the calumnious imputation? When, for a period of seventy-nine years, the Catholics have been fighting the battles of their country and supporting the common burthens of the state; when they have been distinguished for their valor and patriotism in time of war, and for their faithful citizenship in time of peace; when by their talents and integrity they have maintained the dignity of official station, and yielded to none in industry and the other virtues which adorn the common walks of life; how can any reasonable or honest man entertain the idea that their religious faith is in the slightest degree inconsistent with their allegiance to the government? If the facts just mentioned are certain and indisputable, should they not prevail over the uncertain opinions or idle fears of terrorists and agitators? If the uniform conduct of a body of men during several generations, is not a satisfactory illustration of their principles and intentions, pray then, where is the evidence that any other denomination of Christians will be more loyal than the Catholic?

But, how can a Catholic profess allegiance to the pope, a foreign prince, and be loyal to the civil government under which he lives? The answer to this question is very simple. There is a philosophical axiom which says, that any thing is possible that is already a fact. Now, as the Catholics of this country have never deviated from the profession or the practice of a true loyalty in their civil and political relations, it follows that a man may admit the possibility and even the probability of a true civil allegiance in the Catholic body, without being a believer in mysteries. The fact is, that the allegiance of the Catholics to the pope, has no more to do with their loyalty to the government, than has the allegiance of Presbyterians to their general assembly, or that of Episcopalians to their general convention, or that of the people in general to the Parisian fashions. This is a point

which has long since been decided by the very highest tribunal in the United States. Whether the allegiance of Catholics to the bishop of Rome be consistent with their civil obligations, is a question definitely settled by the Constitution itself, however it may be overlooked amid the clamorings of bigotry or the blindness of party rage. The Constitution of the United States recognizes no distinction of citizens on the ground of religion: consequently, when the American people adopted it, they recognized the compatibility of the Catholic faith with the requirements of citizenship; and therefore, the allegiance of Catholics to the pope being an integral and essential part of the Catholic religion, they decided that this allegiance itself does not conflict with the same obligations. They knew perfectly well, that the pope is a temporal prince as well as a spiritual ruler: but they knew also, that the Catholics of this country have no other relations with him as a temporal prince, than have their fellow-citizens of other Christian denominations. They understood well, that the bishop of Rome is a foreign potentate: but they understood also, that in his *spiritual* capacity, as admitted by Catholics, he is *nowhere* a foreign ruler. In his character of chief pastor, he is indigenous to every part of the world. His supreme headship over the Church being a point of Catholic faith, it follows necessarily that wherever the Catholic Church is established, recognized, or tolerated, that doctrine must be established, recognized, or tolerated also.* Hence, in placing the members of the Catholic Church on an equality with other Christian denominations, the Constitution of the United States decided the point, that the spiritual supremacy of the pope is in no way at variance with the character and duties of American citizenship. Where then do we see disloyalty? If it is to be found on any side, it is rather among those who, after seventy years of experience which have confirmed the decision of the Constitution, now agitate the question anew, in direct opposition to the theory and facts of the case.

The inference from all this is plain. If any one is so thoughtless as to assert, that the spiritual allegiance of Catholics to the bishop of Rome is inconsistent with their loyalty to the state, let him remember that they hold a prescriptive position and have a right to ask for the proof of the charge. It is not their place to refute it, but it is the duty of those who make the accusation, to substantiate it. If a man has been in quiet possession of a piece of property for fifty or eighty years, what tribunal pretending to the administration of justice would transfer it to a new claimant unless the latter disprove the validity of the possessor's title? It appears to us that when the Hon. Mr. Chandler discussed the Catholic question before the House of Representatives, he did not attach sufficient importance to this view of the subject. When the Hon. member from Massachusetts made bold to intimate, that Catholics were chargeable with an allegiance to the Roman Pontiff inconsistent with their civil obligations, Mr. Chandler should have challenged the proof of the assertion. It was not for him to assume the defensive in the premises: on the contrary, according to all the rules of logic and of law, the *onus probandi* devolved entirely upon his opponents. He and his Catholic fellow-citizens were the accused: and until the charge against them was clearly established, it could have appeared in no other light before an intelligent and discerning public than an atrocious calumny. To prove his point it was not sufficient for Mr. Banks to refer to the "current belief," respecting Catholic doctrine, which has been recently trumped up to suit the purposes of religious and political agitators:

* Dublin Review, September, 1855.

such a surmise amounts to nothing more than mere assertion. The principles of Catholics are to be learned, not from their adversaries, but from their own profession and practice; and whoso imputes to them doctrines which they disavow, only wins for himself the character of a slanderer. What would Mr. Banks have said, if the Catholic representative had preferred against him and his Protestant colleagues in the house, the charge of latent treason against the country, in virtue of their allegiance to a religious system, which once disfranchised the friends of prelacy, burnt witches, and in our own day would palm its theological dicta upon the national legislature, or cry out, "abolition or disunion?" Would they not have spurned the accusation as an insult, and indignantly demanded an apology for such a misrepresentation of their sentiments? It is certain, however, that Mr. Banks had no more right to touch upon the subject of obnoxious principles among Catholics, without being fully prepared to substantiate his assertions, than Mr. Chandler or any other member had to tax his honorable colleague with the most disloyal and disreputable projects. There is the constitutional decision of the question: there is the history of Catholic patriotism and loyalty from the very origin of the confederacy; and this prescriptive argument is a sufficient interpretation of Catholic principle for any reasonable and sincere mind; nor can it be set aside by bald assertion or gratuitous assumption.

It is a good thing to be loyal to one's country, and even a sacred obligation to defend her interests: but men will never prove their loyalty by being unjust to their fellow-citizens. If they aspire to place and profit, they should pursue these ends by virtuous and honorable means: but to build up their fortune upon the ruin of others; to seek distinction and the spoils of office by the arts of calumny and proscription, is a criminal attempt to sap the very foundations of the republic. There is no lack amongst us of loyal professions. The Union, the Constitution, and other patriotic speeches are on every body's lips: but they too often signify now-a-days little else than *God save the King* among the English some years ago. "*God save the King*, in these times," says the author already quoted, "too often means, God save my pension and my place, God give my sisters an allowance out of the privy purse—make me clerk of the irons, let me survey the meltings, let me live upon the fruits of other men's industry, and fatten upon the plunder of the public." It is not by such selfish and narrow views that men will deserve well of their country. It is not by encouraging the foolish opinions or bad passions of the times in which they live, that they will guard the liberties of the people or win for themselves an elevated niche in the temple of fame. On the contrary, such a spirit must necessarily carry us back to the days of discord and oppression, and characterise us as the enemies and destroyers of that policy, which gave birth to the brightest and happiest period of the colonies, and has till now been the principle and security of our republican glory. "And now, O ye kings, understand: receive instruction, ye that judge the earth."—*Ps. 2.*

CATHOLIC BIOGRAPHY.

How **SUBLINE**, how beautiful is the dogma of our holy religion expressed in those brief words of the *Credo*, "I believe in the communion of saints." How glorious is the privilege which each of us, obscure and humble Christians as we are, enjoys in the membership of that exalted communion! To-day we are soldiers in the church militant, to-morrow, and in eternity, we may be crowned victors in the church triumphant. Time, in which we exist, is but a point; eternity was without beginning before it, and will be without end after it. But from eternity we existed in the mind and the will of God; if we act well our parts in time, we will live with him as his friends and companions for all eternity. Such is now the privileges, such the happiness of our friends and brethren, the saints in heaven. Like us, they were mortal, they were weak, sometimes inconstant, falling and rising, struggling and persevering, and at length conquering. They constitute no order in creation distinct from ourselves. Born in original sin, of the same flesh and blood with us, redeemed by the same Saviour, believing in the same creed, elevated by the same grace, nourished by the same sacraments, and subject to the same death. We are too apt to regard the saints of God as belonging to a distinct order, and partaking of a different nature from ourselves. Our faith in the communion of saints should be more practical, more efficacious. Wonderful as were the lives of the saints, they only prove what great things man is capable of accomplishing by the aid of grace. The supernatural is as possible to us as to them. They have solved the problem of Christian life, and reduced to practice both the precepts and the counsels of the gospel. If we would aspire to the same reward with them, we must merit it in a similar manner. How important is it, therefore, that we should imitate the examples of the saints, and in order to do this, we must study their lives. Not a day do we enjoy that the church in her profound wisdom and economy does not propose to us for our contemplation the virtues of the canonized saints; and besides these, on the beautiful festival of All-Saints, all the holy men and women who have adorned the Christian society by their holiness, and illustrated the gospel by their heroic lives and deaths, are held up to us, not only for our veneration, but also for our imitation. Thus we may all be, nay, we must be, saints, and one day may participate in the glories of this universal festival. If we study intimately the lives of the saints, many most erroneous impressions will be removed from our minds: we will find in them nothing harsh, nothing forbidding, nothing morose, nothing sour. But all is sweetness, joy, gentleness, humility, charity and love. Anchorites, hermits and penitents, preëminent though they be, have not been the only saints. Nor have penitential and rigid lives been confined to the desert and the cell. St. Louis of France was at once a king, a legislator, a chivalrous knight, a soldier, and a saint. St. Elizabeth of Hungary was at once a dutchess, a wife, a mother, and a saint. But we need not look exclusively to the high standard of the calendar, for in using the term saints we do not confine it to the canonized saints, but apply it in a more general sense to all the just and holy members of the Church of Christ. No age, no country, no condition, is without its saints. We live in the midst of saints, our friends, companions and neighbors; for the church is never unproductive in saintly lives and heroic deaths. In order to profit by such examples, we must cultivate the habit of reading and studying pious lives. The study of history commends itself to the curious student, because he has a sympathy with the actors

and learns thus the condition and great leading movements of his own race. So also the Christian may be actuated by a commendable curiosity in studying the histories of the heroes of the faith. We feel confirmed in our belief and encouraged in our good works, when we see how our ancestors have generously suffered and combated for the one, and devoutly practiced the other. The path to virtue is long by precept, short by example.

How important a branch, therefore, of Christian literature is Catholic biography ! It has justly been said that the proper study of mankind is man. Not that man, or any thing he can do, possesses any merit of itself ; but because the lives of men illustrate the ways of God, and demonstrate, what atheists and materialists are now more than ever endeavoring to discredit, the government of the world by an all-wise and all-bountiful Providence. Abstract duties, while they receive the full and unqualified assent of the mind, do not always, by virtue of their moral force, impress themselves upon the outward life and conduct of mankind. Nothing is more frequent, even among well-meaning persons, than the remark, that such a thing is recognized by them as a binding and solemn duty, but is most difficult of performance. Nor is anything more constantly confirmed by our daily observation than the fact that there is, alas ! too frequently a vast difference between the professions and the practices of men. The apprehension that the performance of duty and the practice of virtue are hard tasks, deters thousands from the efforts to reduce their principles to practice. But present facts to candid minds. Point men to the lives of their fellow men, who were surrounded by the same obstacles, difficulties and temptations with themselves, who occupied the same positions in life, and had the same duties to perform, and did perform them with heroic courage and unyielding perseverance, then you have at once, first convinced them that they too have it in their power to lead good and pious lives ; and secondly, you have by the force of example inspired them with a generous spirit of emulation. Such is the pleasing task, such the high and useful province of religious biography ; to portray good men as they have lived—to analyze and exhibit the inner life as manifested in the outward—to exhibit examples of fidelity in all the walks and vocations of life—to show the correspondence with grace—to prove that the supernatural order does not supersede the natural law by which man is made a member of society—that active life in the world does not, or rather should not, exclude the practice of the highest virtues, the cultivation of the most profound religious sentiments, the most tender and sensitive piety, and the firmest faith.

It has been well said in politics that men constitute the state ; but not only this, men constitute the Church of Christ ; men constitute the visible body, of which our Saviour is the head ; men constitute the saints of God. Biography, while contemplating their high dignity, should not draw the portraits of the saints after too rigid and stiff a study, as if exhibiting the cold abstractions or the favorite ideals of the authors, rather than the exact lives of men, as if exhibiting the saintly standard in the supernatural order to which we should aspire, rather than the actual achievements of our fellow mortals by the aid of grace. In such biographies, which we regret to find too common, we see the saint, but lose sight of the man. The saints themselves are not fairly dealt with thus, because their true lives are not presented. We learn a great deal about the supernatural, but do not practically imbibe the lesson that our fellow men on earth and in society attained such heights of sanctity. Thus all sympathy is cut off between the hero and the reader, and biography loses more than half its effect. But a better era is now dawning upon this most interesting branch of religious literature, as evidences of

which we may cite Count de Montalambert, life of Saint Elizabeth, and Cardinal Wiseman's *Fabiola*, or the Church of the Catacombs, which, though of different classes, are models of the manner and style in which the lives and characters of the saints should be delineated. Our church possesses a rich, an exhaustless inheritance in the merits of her saintly children. These are the treasures she prizes more than gold, the jewels she esteems more than diamonds. By virtue of the keys, which she holds by divine commission, she applies these untold merits to the great purposes of salvation; but in her supreme wisdom and economy, she uses them as powerful engines of good in other ways, and especially by presenting the lives of the just made perfect as examples for the imitation of the faithful. No appeal can be made to generous and heroic hearts more powerful than this. Whenever the mind contemplates a beautiful model of virtue, the conscience at once speaks and commands, "Go thou and do likewise." Examples generate emulation. Such is the peculiarly practical tendency of religious biographical reading. We may safely affirm that no sort of religious reading produces better practical results on the mind, the character and the life of man, than the reading of pious lives. As the insect borrows the richness and beauty of its hues from the plant it feeds upon, so does the human mind gather loveliness and grace from the study of the lives of holy men. The Church proposes such lives to us for our imitation and emulation. Humbly desiring to coöperate in the great action of the church upon society by instructing the minds and improving the hearts of our readers, nothing could more appropriately enter into the purposes of our *Maga*, than by commemorating the lives of the good and great, and by appealing to the history of the great and glorious past, to aid in ameliorating and elevating the present. For in contemplating the communion of saints, the mind revels in boundless delight and admiration, and feels a generous pride in that common heritage of glory, which belongs to all the church. No distinctions of age, race, degree or nationality, are admitted to disturb the universal harmony. The church is *one* in love and harmony as she is *one* in faith. But when there is a practical question of good to be accomplished among men, special aids are found in human sympathies and associations. In this point of view the love of country may be made an instrument of good. Where is the Frenchman whose heart exults not with pride at the mention of the glories of the great and illustrious St. Louis? Where is the son of Erin who does not thank his God and bless his native country whenever he contemplates the virtues of the glorious St. Patrick? Where is the English Catholic whose soul thrills not at the mention of the names of a venerable Bede, a Becket, an Anselm? The grateful thought that this western world of ours has its saint, recognized by the universal church, has been strongly illustrated in the interest awakened by the recent publication of the life of St. Rose of Lima. But, as we have already intimated, when we use the word *saints*, we do not confine its application to those who have been officially recognized as such by the church, but we apply it in a more general sense to all the holy and illustrious persons who have gained conquests for the faith by their zeal, illustrated and adorned the society of the faithful by their holy lives, and increased the treasures of the church by their virtues. Although our country cannot, like the older and Catholic countries, trace back her long line of sainted apostles, bishops, hermits, martyrs, confessors and virgins, who are venerated and invoked by name throughout the Christian world, still the annals of the faith in America have not been barren of saints, apostles, martyrs and confessors. In the church, in the state, and in the walks of private life, we can point to Catholic names of which every Catholic and

every American may well be proud. That unrivalled achievement, the discovery of America by Columbus, is but a Catholic chapter in the history of the world. When Catholic Europe was agitated throughout its length and breadth by the desire of emigration, and the thirst of adventure in the newly discovered continent, it was no idle word that assigned, as the leading motive, the carrying of the cross to heathen people and a thirst for the salvation of souls. The Catholic statesmen, under whose auspices colonies were planted in America, regarded the humble missionaries as indispensable members of those pioneer bands. Melendez in Florida, Calvert in Maryland, and Champlain in Canada, are examples to prove how the Catholic founders of states in America regarded religion as the only sure basis of commonwealth, and regarded their own efforts as incomplete without the coöperation of the men of God. The missionaries themselves sought with enthusiastic ardor permission to labor in those distant and dangerous fields. No sooner were the difficulties of the Atlantic conquered by science and valor, than hosts of apostolic men were seen announcing the word of God, with wonderful success, to the children of the forest, penetrating far into the interior, exploring the sources of mighty rivers, compiling the geography of the country as they advanced, visiting and founding missions in the Indian villages, acquiring the native languages and compiling Indian dictionaries, grammars and catechisms, instilling into the minds of the natives friendship for the white man, and planting the cross in triumph where neither the thirst for wealth, the temptations of trade, nor the allurements of ambition, could at that early day induce the hardy settler to venture. The Dominicans, Franciscans and Jesuits, have thus been the pioneers of civilization in America. The lay adventurers at first timidly settled along the margin of the vast continent, announcing their advent by the cannon's thunder, and addressing themselves immediately to the erection of a fort for defence. But the missionaries, armed with truth and zeal, plunged at once into the depths of the forest; their salutation to the red man was the announcement of glad tidings of great joy, their only weapon was the crucifix. Their steps have since been followed by the European settlers, and it is a high tribute to the wisdom and discernment of the missionaries that their missionary stations have been selected for the sites of many of the great and growing cities of our republic. The hardships, the privations and the sufferings endured by these holy men, in most cases, are unknown to us, and are only recorded in the book of eternal life. When they first planted the cross in America, the country was possessed by innumerable savage and warlike tribes, ignorant and superstitious, devoid of all cultivation and letters, waging incessant war upon each other, cruel, treacherous and licentious, roving in their habits, enslaving woman, devoted to demon-worship, and hostile to the approach of strangers. Such was the field which these devoted priests so ardently coveted to enter. Religion supplied the motive and triumphantly sustained them in the encounter. Pains, hunger, thirst, imprisonment, cruelties and martyrdom did not intimidate; they only stimulated. It has well been written, by the worthy author of the History of the Catholic Missions, that "the American Catholic Missions are unparalleled for heroic self-devotedness, energy of purpose, purity of motive, or holiness of design. Nowhere can be found more that is sublime even to eyes blinded by the glare of human greatness. Nowhere can we show more triumphant proof of the power of religion, even for the temporal well-being of nations." The day cannot be far distant, in view of the impetus given in recent years to historical investigations in this country, when the American public will acknowledge their indebtedness to the Catholic Missionaries for the services they have rendered

to society. The church has never ceased to praise their actions and honor their memories. And though their names have not been placed in the lists of the canonized saints, they share largely in the honors paid by the church to all the saints. From the earliest days of colonization to the present moment, there have not been wanting in the American church the most beautiful examples of missionary zeal and disinterested devotion. With the gigantic strides of the Republic the church has kept pace, and where once stood the Indian bark chapel, now the massive gothic cathedral rears heavenward its glittering spires. Where the red men are now found, though few and dejected, there is also found the missionary laboring for their salvation with a zeal not inferior to that of his illustrious precursors. The ranks of the American clergy have produced priests, orators and divines, of whose virtues and learning any country might well be proud. The church has been organized into a hierarchy adorned from the beginning by illustrious prelates. Among the Catholic laity there have been citizens who adorned all the walks of social and public life, and have been benefactors of their race.

It is from such materials, varied and copious, that the Catholic biographer has to perform the task of improving, edifying and entertaining our countrymen. American Catholic Biography is a branch of religious literature which has never received the attention its importance merits. Rich in historic incidents, examples, morals, philosophy, statesmanship and devotion, our Catholic history strikingly and beautifully illustrates all that is valuable or admirable in church or state, while the new and vigorous character of the country and the people add a charm and thrilling interest to their history. The great results amidst which we live, and which we enjoy, will fill our souls with wonder and our hearts with gratitude, when traced back to their humble and modest beginnings. Not only may it be said that our Protestant fellow-citizens are not informed how much the country owes to Catholic principles and heroism, but Catholics themselves are not as well informed as they should be, as to the part their religion has taken in building up the fair proportions of the republic. Far be it from us to make comparisons, or to claim for our church officially any intervention, past or prospective, in the political or secular affairs of the country; but where Catholic principles and Catholic devotion have contributed to mould the destinies and promote the fortunes of the nation, we claim credit therefore for the Catholic body, as an answer to the ungenerous and unfounded assumption that this is a Protestant country, and to regulate the claim that Catholics enjoy here equal rights with Protestants by Protestant concession or toleration. We think that Catholics ought to be made to feel more at home here, by learning what Catholics have done and suffered for the commonwealth. With this view we propose to present to our readers in the future numbers of the Metropolitan brief and familiar biographical notices of eminent Catholics from the colonial times to our own.

Thus we hope to invest Catholic biography with a peculiar interest, by bringing it home to the affections of our readers. The increase of piety, zeal for religion, attachment to the interests of the church, and courage in the practice of religious duties, are the fruits we covet from our humble labors. We also cherish another motive, which is to honor the saints and friends of God.

R. H. C.

OUR CONVENTS.—IV.

THE URSULINES.

Few orders of women have spread so widely as that dedicated to St. Ursuline and her companions, and few have divided into so many different congregations, retaining the same name and general outline, but differing in many essential points. To give an idea of the origin of the houses in this country we must enter into considerable details.

St. Angela Merici, revered as the foundress of the various Ursuline communities, was born at Dezenzano, on the lake of Garda, in Italy, about the year 1470, of pious parents, and after a childhood marked by singular piety, edified all Christian maidens by the virtues of more mature years. Anxious to be at liberty to follow the attraction of her devotion without reprehension, she received the habit of the third order of St. Francis of Assisi. Her life was one of devotion: like the patriarch of the Friars Minors and the founder of the Society of Jesus, she made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, she visited Rome, and at last in 1537, at Brescia, founded a congregation of devout females, suited to the wants of the time. The impiety announced by Luther and other reformers, had ruined the monasteries and convents of many countries in Europe, and had thrown discredit even on such as remained. The cloistered orders of females, and the monastic orders of men seemed now less fitted for the wants of the church, and were replaced by orders of regular clerks and congregations of sisters. Of all these latter, now so numerous, who, not confined to cloisters, but mingling in the midst of the world, relieve every want, and are found in the prison, the hospital, the poorhouse, the garrets and cellars of poverty, as well as in the schools; of all these St. Angela may be well considered the patriarch, as having first developed the idea. She gathered around her seventy-three maidens, who embraced the rule which she drew up, under the invocation of St. Ursula, and living each in her own home, devoted themselves to comforting the afflicted, visiting the sick and poor, instructing the ignorant, in fact undertaking any work of mercy that might present itself. She contemplated the possibility of their subsequently adopting the community life, but having renewed the face of religion in Brescia, she died on the 21st of March, 1540, and four years after Pope Paul III solemnly confirmed the order as instituted by St. Angela.*

Soon after the death of the holy foundress, St. Charles Borromeo invited the Ursulines to found a house at Milan, and took such an interest in the new institute that it rapidly extended in his diocese, in consequence of which he obtained a new approval of it from Pope Gregory XIII in 1571. The order now spread to other countries, and in a few years was established at Avignon, in France. Frances de Bermond, the accomplished daughter of a treasurer of France for Provence, was born in 1572, and after a pious and careful education, for a time gave way to vanity and light reading, but converted by the example of a pious aunt at the age of fourteen, she became a model of piety, and not only stood the ridicule of her former companions, but won many to join her in her good works, her exercises of piety, instruction of the poor, and visits to the sick poor. The first thought of becoming Ursulines, like those of Italy, was suggested to her and her

* Rohrbacker, Viedes Saints.

companions, by Dominic Grimaldi, Archbishop of Avignon, and a copy of the constitution of the Ursulines of Milan having been furnished them by Father Romillon, of the Christian Doctrine, they resolved to embrace it, and though opposed by many, persevered. At the instance of the venerable Father Cæsar de Bus, the founder of the Association of the Christian Doctrine, they resolved to live in community, and in 1596 hired a house at Lille, in Venaissin, the young Baroness de Naucleuse, who followed the rule, furnishing the house, paying the rent, and promising to join them. Their number at first was twenty-five, making a vow of obedience in the hands of Father Romillon as their superior, and receiving their rule of community life from him.

The Ursuline order in the second form, spread rapidly over France, and Mother de Bermond founded houses in various parts, at Aix, Marseilles, Pont St. Esprit, Lyons, and other places. While at Marseilles, whither she had travelled in all humility, she was invited to Paris to form to the Ursuline rule, a community of young women connected with the Carmelites, and collected in the suburb St. Jacques, by St. Mary of the Incarnation, the foundress of the French Carmelites; and which had fortunately obtained the protection of the charitable Madame de St. Beuve as foundress. Scarcely however had this community been duly established in a new convent erected by the pious Madame de St. Beuve, in 1610, than she declared it had been her intention to found a monastery or house where the sisters would be cloistered and take solemn vows. To obtain this, she had an institute drawn up by some Fathers of the Society of Jesus, and solicited an approval from Pope Paul V, which he granted by his bull of June 13th, 1612, and the Ursulines thus assumed the third form, that of a cloistered religious order.

To form the sisters to the religious state, Madame de St. Beuve and St. Mary of the Incarnation, chose Anne de Roussy, Abbess of St. Stephen at Soissons, who willingly undertook the task. Such as did not wish to adopt the new rule left, others were found unsuited to the order, and after chanting the *Te Deum*, the institute was juridically established, and twelve ladies began their noviceship on the 11th of November, 1612.

The step taken by the congregation of Paris, was speedily followed by the various communities founded in other parts of France, under the rule of St. Angela, and Mother de Bermond, the first Ursuline, established the cloister in her congregation of Lyons in 1619, and obtained a formal approbation of her rule from the Holy See. Those of Toulouse, founded by Mother Margaret de Vigier, assumed the cloister in 1615, and were approved by Pope Paul V: those of Bordeaux, founded by Mother Frances de Cazères, of the Holy Cross, followed three years later, and obtained an approval of their rule from the same pope. Those of Dijon, Tulle, Arles and Burgundy, with the Ursulines of the Presentation, each became cloistered nuns with peculiar rules, the last named having been established as an order by Pope Urban VIII in 1637, at the instance of Mother Lucretia de Gastineau, a member of the house of Pont St. Esprit, who had founded a house at Avignon, and some years after induced her community to follow the example of other Ursuline communities.

The Ursulines of these various rules spread over France with great rapidity: their utility as teachers being unquestioned, and the strong opposition to education of externs by cloistered religious having been overcome.

Of these various congregations, however, that of Bordeaux was by far the most numerous, and having in 1622 communicated its bulls and rules to a house at

Liege, extended not only to Flanders, the Rhenish provinces, but also to Austria and Bohemia.

A convent of this congregation was founded about 1629 at Tours, by the venerable Mother of the Holy Cross, and one of the first religious, Mother Mary of the Incarnation, received a supernatural vocation to establish a house of her order in Canada. Soon after, Madame Magdalen de Chauvigny, widow of the Sieur de la Peltrie, having resolved to found an Ursuline convent at Quebec, applied to the convent of Tours, and Mother Mary of the Incarnation, with Mother Mary of St. Joseph, were selected to found the new house. They proceeded to Dieppe in 1639, and while at the Ursuline Convent there, a filiation of the house of Paris, were joined by Mother Cecelia, of the Holy Cross, and on the 4th of May embarked for this country with three hospital nuns, and Father Vimond, the superior of the Jesuits in Canada.* Her convent was more than once burnt to the ground, still it as often arose, and the community still subsists, and has been intimately connected with those in this country, of which it is particularly our purpose to speak. Mother Mary, of the Incarnation, has been styled the Theresa of France: in sanctity she rivalled her sainted namesake; and her life, written by her son, a learned Benedictine, and subsequently by Father Charlevoix, cannot be read without deep interest. Till 1850 a venerable ash tree stood in Quebec, beneath which, for thirty years and more, Mary of the Incarnation, "so famed for chastened piety, genius and good judgment" † instructed in the truths of religion her groups of Indian girls.

These Ursulines, being partly of the congregation of Bordeaux, and partly of that of Paris, lived at first under a rule drawn up by Father Jerome Lalemant in 1647, but twenty-five years later, in 1682, formed a union with the congregation of Paris. ‡ They have a filiation at Three Rivers, founded in 1697.

When the colony of Louisiana was at last established in a permanent form, Father de Beaubois, an excellent Jesuit missionary, who had already labored for some years in Illinois, set out for France, to obtain if possible subjects and means to found at New Orleans an establishment of his own order, and a house of Ursuline nuns. His zeal for God's glory was not fruitless, he addressed himself to an Ursuline of unbounded zeal, Mother Marie Franchepain de St. Augustin, one of those heroic souls whom God so often draws from the midst of heresy, and in spite of obstacles of every kind, they succeeded by the assistance of Mother Catharine de Beausobré de St. Amant, superior of the Ursulines of France, in arranging with the West India Company the treaty of foundation, and obtained the royal approbation for the new convent. || Some bishops opposed the project, but at last, on the 12th of January, 1727, Mother Marie Franchepain de St. Augustin, a convert, who had been confirmed as Superior by the Bishop of Quebec, assembled around her in the infirmary of Hennebon, Sister Margaret Judde de St. Jean l'Evangliste, and Sister Marianne Boulanger de St. Angélique, both of the community of Rouen; Sister Magdalen de Mahieu de St. François Xavier, of that of Havre; Sister Renée Guiguel de St. Marie, from that of Vannes; Sister Margaret de Salaon de St. Therese, of that of Ploermel; Sister Cecilia Cavelier de St. Joseph, from that of Elboeuf; and Sister Marianne Dain, of the house of

* Charlevoix, *Vie de la Mère Marie de l'Incarnation*—Paris, 1724, p. 258.

† Bancroft, *History of the United States*—iii, 127.

‡ H. de Courcy, *Les Servantes de Dieu en Canada*, 25.

|| The Royal approbation is dated September 18, 1726. *Brevet en faveur des Religieuses Ursulines de la Louisiane.*

Hennebon, with the novice Marie Hachard de St. Stanislas, and two lay sisters, all except Sister St. Mary of the congregation of Paris, which she also joined.*

They embarked at L'Orient on the 22d of February, in the same vessel with Fathers Doutrebau and Tartarin, Jesuit missionaries, destined also for Louisiana. Their voyage was one of danger and misfortunes, and also of hardship, for they suffered much from the brutal treatment of the captain, and after being tossed by tempests, driven into Madeira, chased by pirates, they ran ashore soon after entering the gulf, and reached the port of Balize, at the mouth of the Mississippi, only on the 23d of July, five months after their departure. While landing here they were all nearly drowned, as a storm came on at a moment when their boats were heavily laden and the sailors intoxicated: after reaching land they received letters from Father de Beaubois, who was impatiently awaiting their arrival, and had prepared a residence for them. They accordingly embarked in periauguas, and on the 6th of August reached New Orleans and took possession of a house hired for them by the company.†

By the treaty concluded between the Ursulines and the company, the latter were to build a monastery, to maintain six religious, and pay their passage and that of four servants; the Ursulines undertaking to direct the military hospital and poor schools. In accordance with this agreement the company began to erect a monastery, but the work was neglected, and six years elapsed before it was ready to receive them. Exposed as they were to great inconvenience, the good sisters bore up against these trials and devoted themselves to the faithful observance of their holy rule.

While thus situated they were at a distance from the hospital, and unable to attend it, but they took charge of orphans, opened a school and undertook the instruction of poor children.‡ A number of orphans claimed their motherly care almost immediately after their arrival. The Natchez, a powerful tribe of Indians, who dwelt where the city of that name now stands, provoked by the tyranny of Chopart, the commandant of the neighboring French post, rose in 1728, and massacring the men, reduced the women and children to slavery. Many of the latter were rescued, and the orphans confided to the care of the Ursulines. Father Le Petit, in his letter of July 12, 1730, thus speaks of them: "The little girls whom none of the inhabitants wish to adopt, have greatly enlarged the interesting company of orphans whom the nuns are bringing up. The great number of these children only serves to increase their charity and attention. They have formed them into a separate class, and have appointed two special matrons for their care. There is not one of this holy sisterhood but is delighted at having crossed the ocean, nor do they seek here any other happiness, than that of preserving those children in their innocence, and giving a polite and Christian education to these young French girls, who are in danger of being almost as degraded as the slaves. We may hope with regard to these holy women, that before the end of the year they will occupy the new mansion which is intended for them and for which they have waited so long. Once settled there they will add to the instruction of the boarders, day scholars, orphans and colored women, the care of the sick in

* *Cronique des Ursulines de la Nouvelle Orleans. Ms.*

† *Relation du Voyage des fondatrices de la Nouvelle Orleans écrite aux Ursulines de France, par la Mère St. Augustin. Ms. Lettres Circulaires. Ms.*

‡ Dumont in Louisiana, Hist. Coll. v. 26. Gayarre, *Histoire de la Louisiane*, i. 223. Id. Louisiana, its Colonial History, 384. Charlevoix, *Histoire de la Nouvelle France*, iv, 239.

the hospital, and of an asylum for penitent women. . . . So many works of charity would in France be sufficient to occupy many associations, and different institutions. But what cannot zeal effect? These different labors do not terrify seven Ursulines, and by God's grace they accomplish them without interfering with the observance of their rule. Yet for my own part I fear greatly, that unless assistants arrive, they will succumb beneath the hardship. Those who here ignorantly said at first that the nuns came too soon, and too many, have changed their language and ideas: witnessing their edifying lives and their immense service to the colony, they find now that they did not arrive soon enough, and that too many, of their virtue and merit, cannot come."^{*}

The next year Father D'avaugour, the procurator of the Jesuit missions in Louisiana, presented a memorial to the government, in which he detailed the advantages of the institution, and besought the government to send six additional sisters, and to grant the convent at New Orleans the privileges which the order enjoyed in France.[†]

A few years later while laboring, as best they could, for their own salvation and the temporal and spiritual works of mercy which they had undertaken, so far as their temporary accommodations permitted, the community beheld three of its dear members taken from them by death, the saintly Sister Magdalen of St. Francis Xavier, Sister Margaret de St. Therese, and Sister Margaret de St. Jean. A more severe blow awaited them still: she who had been their directress, guide and mother, their beloved Superior, expired amid her remaining children in November, 1733.

Chosen by God's mercy from the very centre of a Protestant family and Protestant society, Mlle. Franchepain felt herself drawn to the faith, and yielding to the attraction of grace, made her abjuration at the Ursuline Convent at Rouen, in which some years later (1699) she was received as a novice. Her most ardent wish was to be sent on some foreign mission, but she learnt interiorly that this favor was only to be purchased by crosses of every kind. Her joyful acceptance of Father de Beaubois' offer was in full consciousness of the trials that awaited her: and few could have triumphed over so many obstacles as she did in gathering companions around her and in reaching the Mississippi. Her piety, however, was tender and solid; her faith and hope unmovable, and her charity all-embracing. She possessed too, in an eminent degree, all the qualities necessary for a superior, and all that is needed to make one respected even by those whom virtue touches the least. Her mind was quick and penetrating, her manners accomplished, her conversation lively, but always seasoned with holy thoughts. On St. Ursulas' day, in 1733, she was seized with violent pains and vomiting, but did not yield to the violence of the disease or cease from performing her regular duties. In another day, however, she was entirely prostrated, and unable to leave her couch: she now prepared for her last passage, and having been permitted to receive the last sacraments from the hands of her holy director, Father de Beaubois, she died after an illness of eighteen days.

On the 17th of July, 1734, the Ursulines, whose numbers had been increased by new arrivals, and who were now directed by Mother St. André, a professed Sister from Caen, took possession of their new house, a brick convent, which still subsists on Condé street, between Barrack and Hospital. The ceremony was one of

^{*} *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses*—xx, 100. Kip's *Jesuit Missions*, p. 301.

[†] *Louisiana Historical Collections*, i, 68.

great pomp and solemnity : the Governor, with his staff, the civil and military officers, and the troops, all taking part in the procession. Nine religious entered the new monastery, but of these only three were of the number of the original founders ; Mother St. Mary of Vannes, Mother St. Joseph of Elboeuf, and Mother St. Stanislas, undeterred by the death of the others, and the return of one more, had persevered, and joined by others from Caen, Bayeux and Dieppe, and by postulants in the colony itself, now saw all their hopes realized.*

The hospital was not quite finished, but the sick were transported to it on the 26th of August, and the nuns took charge of them, as well as of the orphans, Sister St. Xavier having the honor of being the first *hospitalière*. Fifty sick soldiers soon demanded their care, and it was never wanting.

The children of the hapless Acadians soon after called for their care, and their house was open to the afflicted, receiving the orphans whom England had deprived of parents. One of these remained as portress in the house, and lived more than a century, almost to our own day.

Troubles occurred about the middle of the last century at New Orleans between the various ecclesiastics there, and the Ursulines, to their regret, beheld the venerable Father Beaubois suspended : the bishop of Quebec, unable from the great distance to visit New Orleans, or obtain exact information, could only sympathise with the good nuns. When Louis XV basely yielded his possessions in America to Britain and Spain, the bishop of Quebec rejoiced to see New Orleans pass under the protection of a Catholic power, and congratulated the excellent nuns on being now subject to the bishop of Havana, hoping that a remedy would at last be brought to the evils under which they had so long suffered.†

Soon after the cession, however, several sisters died, and in consequence of the small number of nuns, they were compelled to relinquish the care of the military hospital on the first of January, 1770. Some years after, Mother Marie Therese Landelle de St. Jacques, who was fifteen years superior during her last term, begged some French clergymen returning home, to obtain if possible some sisters from that country, and also wrote in 1783 to a Jesuit missionary in France, who had long been in Louisiana. The latter applied at once to the Ursuline Convent of the Presentation of our Lady at Pont St. Esprit. Sister Mary Theresa Farjon, a native of the environs of Avignon, known as Mother St. Francis Xavier, on hearing the letter read, offered to go, and was joined by two younger sisters, St. Felicité and St. André. They left their convent on the 25th of September, 1785, little supposing that in a few years it would be all desolate, and on the 11th of February, 1786, reached New Orleans. Here a sudden trouble arose. Mother St. Monica, a Spanish religious, was superior : she refused to receive the French sisters, and showed a letter from the Rt. Rev. Cyril de Tricaly, bishop of Havana, ordering them to be ranked after all the other professed. To this, Mother St. Francis Xavier and her companions submitted, but a new letter of the bishop, condemning Mother St. Jacques, announced that the sisters must await the order of the Spanish court. The king of Spain had, however, already approved their going, and ordered their proper rank to be assigned to them.

During the succeeding years of the Spanish rule, the convent enjoyed great

* The first American was the lay sister Mary Turpin de St. Marthe, born in Illinois, of a Canadian father and an Indian mother. After a life of great piety she died in 1761, at the age of fifty-two.

† *Lettre de Mgr. Briand*, for which I am indebted to H. de Courcy, Esq.

peace and prosperity; and a wealthy gentleman named Almonaster, built them, at his own expense, a church, choir and day school for their use.*

Another change of government however soon followed. The French revolution had annihilated the sanctuaries of religion in France, and ere long brought Spain to a state bordering on dependence. Forced by circumstances, Spain in 1802 ceded back to France the colony of Louisiana. The news of this cession filled the nuns at New Orleans with alarm: all considered their dispersion certain, and some saw no alternative but to sell all and provide means of support: and of nineteen professed, only six were willing to remain even if the French government would protect them, the rest wished the property sold and their dowries returned to enable them to go to Havana. The prefect, Mr. Laussat, arrived on the 26th of March, 1803, and calmed all fears by declaring that the sisters might lay aside all fear, that they could remain undisturbed as they were. The city flocked to the convent to congratulate them, but the Spanish party still wished to leave, and as the Marquis de Casacalvo, the commissioner of his Catholic majesty, declared that the king would support such as chose to go to Havana, Mother St. Monica, the superior, Sisters St. Augustine, Michael, Raphael, Louis de Gonzague, Ursula, Clare and Rose, Spaniards; Mother St. Ignatius, a French woman; Sisters St. Solange and Avoys, Louisianians; and Sister St. Angela, a native of Scotland, with four lay sisters, departed through the church door on the 29th of May, 1803. Six months after the French prefect transferred the colony to the United States, and the remaining sisters thus passed under a new and un-Catholic government.

At this epoch the community consisted only of Mothers St. Xavier, superior, St. Felicite, depositary, and St. André, all three professed of the Ursulines of the Presentation of Our Lady, Mothers St. Mary, assistant, St. Scholastica and St. Charles, natives of this country, and two lay sisters. They had, however, notwithstanding their number, never ceased their labors, singing their office in choir, taking care of the orphans, conducting the school, and on Sundays and Holidays instructing the colored people, for the priests were so few that but for these good nuns the negroes would have been as vicious and ignorant as in many parts of the country of English origin.

A new trouble now arose, for it was openly announced that the new government would not permit the nuns to receive any novices in future, and that on the death of the last survivor, the State would take possession of their convent.† Alarmed at this, Mother St. Xavier addressed a letter to Bishop Carroll, and encouraged by him, appealed, with her eleven sisters, for more had joined her, in 1804, to Thomas Jefferson, then President of the United States, asking a legislative confirmation of their title, not for their own sake, but for those in whose cause they labored; Governor Clayborne, of Louisiana, had already assured them that they should not be disturbed, and the President himself in a letter to them, assured the "holy sisters," for so he styled them, that "the principles of the constitution and the government of the United States were a sure guarantee that their convent would be preserved to them sacred and inviolate." The Secretary of State, James Madison, also wrote to Bishop Carroll, expressing the most kindly sentiments; but the Ursulines did not attain their object, and being subsequently subjected to annoyance, applied to the Louisiana legislature, and obtained a statute confirming their privileges and immunities.

* Annales de la Propagation de la Foi. I, ii, 46.

† Ashe's Travels.

Mother St. Xavier, anxious to increase the number of her community, had written to France to the dispersed members of her old convent, urgently inviting them to come to her aid, and above all, to Sister de St. Michael Gensoul, then at Marseilles. That devout nun then conducted a school, and having obtained twelve young ladies to join her, sought to proceed to New Orleans, but her bishop opposed it, and it was only by applying to his Holiness, Pope Pius VII, in 1809, under the invocation of Our Lady of Prompt Succor, to whom she had great devotion, that she obtained the necessary permission. "His Holiness," says Cardinal di Pietro, "in reply, formally approves your condescension to the repeated invitations of your dear sisters in Louisiana, and the desires of the estimable proselytes, whom by divine grace you have inspired with so lively an ardor for so excellent a vocation." Thus encouraged Mother Gensoul sailed to New Orleans, and arrived there on the 30th of December, 1810, with seven postulants, one of whom was Mother St. Vincent, so remarkable for her humility. It was indeed a day of joy and happiness to the little community, which could not sufficiently thank God for so great a grace.

This house had been founded, as we have seen, by the Ursulines of Paris, but now all the elder religious were of the congregation of the Presentation of Our Lady, and naturally preferred its rule, which was indeed better adapted to the necessities of the convent, not being obliged to choir duty. They accordingly applied to Bishop Dubourg, then administrator of the diocese, for leave to take the title of Presentation of Our Lady, and adopt its rules with some modifications. To this, after mature deliberation, he consented, and the change was finally effected on the 16th of January, 1813.

When the English army was advancing on New Orleans to the cry of "booty and beauty," in 1815, the nuns placed on their altar the "statute of Our Lady of Prompt Succor," which Mother Gensoul had had blessed in her time of trial in France, and had brought with her. Around this token of divine favor they, with many of the pious of the city, ladies and poor negresses, knelt, imploring the God of armies to bless the American cause and nerve the arm of our soldiers. After the illustrious Jackson had repulsed with slaughter the foreign invader, the daughters of St. Angela turned their school rooms into an hospital for the sick and wounded soldiers, and for three months lavished on them every care.

Insensible to this, a Judge wished to compel some of the community to appear as witnesses in court: in vain the Ursulines pleaded their rights guaranteed by treaties; they were fined for contempt of court! Mother Gensoul applied to the legislature, and on the 23d of January, 1818, an act was passed guaranteeing their rights and privileges, and prescribing the mode in which their depositions should be taken.

Meanwhile Bishop Dubourg, then in France, sought postulants for their house, and the nuns, to their great joy, beheld nine arrive in January, 1817. Yet a schism then distracted the Catholics of New Orleans, and the Ursulines were about to abandon it, but consoled by a letter from Pope Pius VII himself, remained.

The city had now grown around their convent: its precincts were repeatedly invaded, especially from a neighboring military hospital, and in spite of their appeals to government the evil augmented. To complete their embarrassment, a street was run through their grounds in 1821. On this they resolved to erect a new convent elsewhere, and selecting a spot three miles below the city, built their present house, into which they entered in September, 1824, one aged religious

who had not passed out of her cloister since her entrance into it in 1766, weeping all the way.

Meanwhile their numbers increased, so that in 1822 there were fifteen or sixteen professed, and a number of novices and postulants,* but as Bishop Dubourg remarked in a letter to the Rt. Rev. J. O. Plessis, bishop of Quebec: "The house in point of numbers, might seem now to give no cause of alarm: but when I consider the age of the ancient pillars of that edifice, and that at the moment, perhaps not remote, of their fall, there will remain only feeble reeds to replace them, I cannot be tranquil as to the consequences." Anxious to save from extinction a house which he styled elsewhere the "base of religion in Louisiana," the bishop of New Orleans called upon the Ursulines of Quebec to aid their sister convent. "It would seem indispenably necessary to draw here three or four nuns, already professed, of mature age, of tried judgment and virtue, who would fill up the interval which separates the old from the young." The daughters of Mother Mary of the Incarnation responded to their call, and on the 5th of December, 1823, the convent at New Orleans welcomed the arrival of Sisters Felicité Borne de St. Charles, Mary Angelique Bougie de St. Louis Gonzague, and Marie Pelagie Morin de St. Etienne.†

Since that time the convent has continued in great prosperity: educating rich and poor, and affording a home to the orphan, for though the city erected an asylum in December, 1824, the convent still supports many. Since its foundation it has had eighteen superiors: eighty-three professions have been made in it: and thirty-six have joined it from other houses: sixty-three have died, eleven of whom exceeded the age of eighty. The community now under the worthy Mother St. Seraphine, who has been eighteen years superior, consists of thirty-four members, twenty-one choir nuns, and one novice; ten lay sisters and one novice. Their school contains generally over a hundred boarders, and at least thirty-four or forty orphans. Their chaplain and spiritual guide is the well known and excellent Abbé Perché.‡

Nor fame I slight, nor for her favors call;
 She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
 But if the purchase cost so dear a price,
 As soothing folly, or exalting vice;
 And if the muse must flatter lawless sway,
 And follow still where fortune leads the way;
 Or, if no basis bear my rising name;
 But the fallen ruins of another's fame;
 Then teach me, heaven, to scorn the guilty bays,
 Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise.
 Unblemished let me live, or die unknown;
 Or grant me honest fame, or grant me none.

* De Courcy. *Les Servantes de Dieu en Canada*—Montreal, 1855, p. 28.

† *Annales de la Propagation de la Foi*. I, i, 25. *Laity's Directory*, 1822, p. 113.

‡ For the most important facts in relation to this house, the writer is indebted to the kindness of Mother St. Seraphine, the worthy superior, who, at his request, furnished him and Mr. De Courcy with copious extracts from their most edifying and pious annals. He takes this opportunity of returning his sincere thanks.

THE LEGEND OF HUGO, MARQUIS OF TUSCANY.

FLORENCE was not always the beautiful city which she became under the fostering care of the lavish and splendid Medici, nor was the valley of the Arno always a smiling field of olives, vines, oranges and flowers, studded here and there with gorgeous villas and elegant casinos. The environs of Florence, now so beautiful and so populous, were covered with thick and tangled wild-wood in the days when our story begins. The light of the sun as it fell upon the silent soil, was broken and chequered by the branches of a primeval forest, and the huntsman often dismounted and warily led his steed through briery copsewood, or across marshy meadowland, traversed only by narrow and straggling paths. Along one of these rustic avenues, somewhat broader and straighter than the rest, a noble horseman rode slowly one sultry summer afternoon. He had followed the chase, which was his favorite pastime, through the wilds of Valdarno for several hours, until panting from the heat of the season, weary of exertion, and parched with thirst, he paced gently along in the hope of hearing a grateful promise of refreshment in the song of some lonely cottager, or the bubbling sound of a mountain rill. The noble mien and lofty bearing of the cavalier would have led to the conclusion that he was a person of rank and consequence, nor did his distinguished appearance belie him, for he was the Marquis Hugo, Lord of Florence and its Seignory. He was led onward, on the occasion we speak of, without being himself aware of the fact, by a heavenly guide. Wholesome warning was much needed by the erring prince for his own good and for the good of his vassals; and he was on that day to receive it.

The Marquis was a grandson of the renowned Hugo of Provence, second king of Italy after the downfall of the Emperor Berengarius. He was a powerful chief, a gallant soldier, and during the early part of his career he delighted in the practice of every virtue becoming a Christian prince. The teachings and examples of a pious mother, to whom he was fondly attached, had impressed themselves at an early age upon his generous and feeling heart, and none more so than her often repeated injunction that he should ever be faithful in his devotion to Mary. Deeply and sincerely did the young prince mourn his bereavement when his affectionate parent was called from the scenes of her virtuous life upon earth to receive a well earned crown in heaven. His loss was even greater than the young nobleman fairly understood it to be. For when the gentle voice of his mother had ceased to breathe the timely warnings which had hitherto guided his steps, he began little by little to swerve from the straight path along which duty is present and certain at every point, while happiness may be reached only at the journey's end.

Hugo changed rapidly, and for the worse. Yet such is the inconsistency of human nature! although he soon neglected and forgot the counsels of his mother concerning the fulfilment of the ordinary practices of Christian virtue, he cherished what was most pure and refined in the course she wished him to pursue, namely: love and devotion towards the queen of angels and virgins. The daily increase of influence and power, the noisy occupations of medieval warfare and the society of worthless associates, depraved the young prince to such a degree that nothing was left save veneration for her name, and the practice of certain devotions in her honor, to distinguish him from the crowd of ruthless and corrupt chieftains who

lorded it over Italy at the time in which he lived. He became a heartless oppressor of his people, and the excesses of his private life were the scandal of all who had access to the court. Such was the conduct of the noble Marquis, who professed tender devotion towards the Blessed Virgin, and who now rode along through the forests of Valdarno, cursing the heat of the season, and the thirst which parched his lips after the labors of the chase.

Suddenly and unexpectedly a person met him on his way, and what was his delight when he perceived that it was a woman, bearing in her hands a salver of the freshest and most delicious fruits. It was a little mound of autumnal treasures, such as Domenichino or Carracci loved to paint to the life, and such as the traveller beholds in the banquet halls of Italian villas, as he gazes with astonishment at a counterfeited that stands forth from the canvass more real than reality, more natural than nature itself. Piled up before the eyes of the prince, dying of thirst, there were slices of fresh watermelon, large ripe figs, mellow apples, juicy pomegranates, luscious pears and downy peaches, crowned and festooned with heavy bunches of blue and amber-colored grapes, bursting with very ripeness. Eagerly did he stretch forth his glowing hand to this rich treasure, for which he would have paid its weight in gold;—but how great was his annoyance when he perceived that these tempting fruits were all besmeared with filth. He withdrew his hand. Yet burning thirst is not apt to be delicate and fastidious. Again he plunged his hand among the little mountain of fruits, but it emitted such a nauseous odor that he hastily drew back again and turned his head, overcome by a sense of sickening disgust that well-nigh caused him to faint. He now gazed upon the bearer of this strange burden, so tempting to the sight and so repulsive to the smell. She was a comely matron of august mien and majestic bearing, and the salver she bore in her hands seemed to the astonished nobleman to be made of burnished gold. Before he could give utterance to his surprise or demand an explanation, a steady and searching glance was bent upon him, and he thrilled with awe at the words of reproof which fell upon his ear. "*Thou seest in these fruits an emblem of the devotion thou claimest to hold so dear. It is indeed beautiful and good in itself, but so defiled by thy wicked life as to be unworthy of acceptance in the sight of heaven.*" Such was the warning given Hugo when he had declined to partake of the fruit, after which the vision disappeared from his sight and he found himself alone in the forest.

The mildness of the rebuke he had miraculously received went to the very soul of the young prince and overwhelmed him with shame and remorse. He thought of the peace and happiness of his innocent boyhood—he remembered the gentle tones of his mother's voice—he thought of the promises made so often that he would be a faithful servant of Blessed Mary, the Mother of Holy Purity. Then rose up before him the extravagance and dissipation, the heartlessness and unchastity of the life he had been leading of late with his roystering comrades, and he shed tears of grief and bitter self-reproach. He promised speedy amendment—he purposed and he planned—and turned his horse's head towards the gates of Florence, with the full conviction that the morrow would find him a new man. Such were the resolves of Hugo, Marquis of Tuscany, as he reached his palace on the evening of that eventful day; but, alas for poor human nature! they were not destined to be honored in the observance. The old chronicle tells us that the young prince purposed reform indeed, but that he did not comply with his duties, nor fortify himself with the aids of grace, and that what was still worse, he failed to avoid the occasions which had already proved so fatal to his virtue. A few

taunts and jeers from his youthful associates soon banished all traces of serious thought from his brow, a few merry bouts drowned all recollection of the vision in the forest, and the mild rebuke with which it was accompanied. Hugo soon became as stout a wassailer, and as noisy a rioter as the best, or rather the worst of them—to use a still more forcible comparison, he shortly became as wicked a scape-grace as he had been before. A new reprimand was needed to recall him to his senses, which were now the very reverse of sober, a reprimand he should not so easily forget—and it came.

The game-keepers of the Marquis had come upon the trail of a wild-boar, in the woods that skirted the foot of Monte Senario, and swept up its bold and rocky sides, and all the court had turned out in high spirits to enjoy the sport and give chase to the formidable savage. None of the princely cavalcade was more eager in pursuit that day than the bold and adventurous young Marquis, but when a view was finally got of the chase, he grew wild with excitement and hung upon the rear of the flying enemy with such ardor that he followed him into the most wild and dreary fastnesses of the mountain. Here at length he paused and reined in his steed, which was covered with foam and panting with fatigue. He became aware that he had distanced his retinue, and sought vainly around to discover even one of his straggling attendants. The atmosphere, which had been sultry and moist, had grown close and dark, portending the gathering of a storm. All was still as death in the gloomy forest, then as the prince looked up at the clouds stretched like a mass of black marble overhead, a few thick, heavy drops pattered on the leaves of the trees, and even dashed upon his face and hands. Anon were heard the first hoarse rumblings of thunder struggling to break forth from its dungeon. Then came a loud crash like the bursting of an earthquake—the mountain seemed to tremble on its base; the oaks tossed their giant branches in the fury of the blast; the tall pines rocked wildly to and fro; wierd glimmering lightning lit up the trees and rocks with a lurid blaze, then all was dark again, and finally down poured the rain in heavy torrents, deluging the whole scene, gathering and gurgling from rock and gully, and foaming madly in yellow cascades down the steep sides of the mountain.

The brave prince, though he was no stranger to alpine thunder-storms, thought he had never seen one so furiously violent as this. Nothing makes a coward, even of a brave man, so quick as to be suddenly drenched with cold water from head to foot, and he looked wildly around for some place of shelter. He discovered at length the outlet of a cavern in the rock, and thither he spurred his jaded and terrified steed. The prince dismounted and entered, leading his horse under the brow of the overhanging rock, when a spectacle met his view which transfixed him with terror to the spot. The sides and summit of a wide and deep cavern were filled with black volumes of smoke, in the centre of which blazed and labored a fiery forge, looking like a picture of hell with midnight for its frame. In front of the forge rose a large anvil, and around it stood several swarthy, half-naked figures, whose fiendish eyes and grinning teeth were lit up by the red glare that shot from the mouth of the furnace. These satanic smiths were busy in drawing forth from the fire and pounding with heavy blows on the anvil, not bars of iron or steel, but arms, heads, hearts, and other portions of human bodies. The Marquis gazed with fear and horror on the appalling scene; but the thought struck him that the monsters before him must be necromancers, who had retired to these wilds in order to practice, unwhipt of justice, the abominable orgies of their craft. For this class of malefactors he had always entertained a feeling of

indignant aversion. With the courage which formed a remarkable trait in his character, he lifted up his voice, rating them in no measured terms, and threatening them with the severest penalties for their crimes. He had not yet ceased speaking, when one of the ugly caitiffs drew near to the mouth of the cave and cut short his address by saying fiercely: "Not so fast, good sir, an its please you. We are not the wizards you take us for, but ministers of Divine justice, who punish in the manner you behold a number of lewd varlets consigned to our hands. All we wait for now is one Hugo Signor, of the surrounding country, who, if we fasten one grip upon him, will pay well for his lecheries on yon anvil." Never, in his happiest days, had the poor Marquis invoked the Blessed Virgin so devoutly as he did at that moment. Detesting his bad life and promising to do penance, firmly enough this time, he prayed to God to save him from the fiery demons before him. He blessed himself devoutly, and at the sign of the cross they vanished.

Hugo left the cave a far different man from what he was when he entered it. He discovered close at hand a little hermitage, the tenant of which was a man of God, named Eugenius. He spent the whole night with this venerable recluse in discourse touching his conversion, and the acts of virtue he proposed to perform. In the morning he returned to the city, and going to Eustace, Archbishop of Florence, he gave him a full account of his wonderful adventure. He set about repairing the scandals he had given, by a public example of penance and humiliation. On a solemn festival he proceeded to the great church of the Duomo, accompanied by Eustace and the Archbishop of Ravenna, Legate of the Holy See, to make a public confession of his errors. With tears in his eyes he repeated continually to the crowd of people through which he passed: "Hugo will be Hugo no longer. Ugo non sarà più Ugo—Ugo non sarà più Ugo."

History bears witness that he was true to his promise. Although one of the most warlike barons of his day, he avoided the brawls in which his neighbors were unceasingly engaged, nor do we know that he unsheathed the sword, unless for the protection of the innocent, or the punishment of bandits and evil-doers. He built several monasteries, and among them the celebrated Benedictine Abbey of Sante Maria in Florence, and was so much beloved by his subjects for his justice and moderation, that they honored him with the surname of "l'Ottimo," or "the Excellent."

The history of his miraculous conversion has been handed down by tradition, and is often repeated among the people of Italy, even at the present day. Their child-like devotion and beautiful taste has led them to dedicate the month of May, the sweet season of sunbeams, zephyrs and flowers, to the special honor of "La Madonna Santissima," the mother of the Saviour, the queen of Purity and Love. Often, during that lovely month, when the "Padre Direttore" instructs his youthful flock, whom he affectionately addresses as "children of Mary," he tells them that no devotion is grateful to their gentle patroness unless it be accompanied with the practice of true Christian virtue; and on such occasions he is heard not unfrequently to illustrate the truth of his assertion by quoting the legend of Hugo, Marquis of Tuscany.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

WHILE the temple of the Lord smoked with the holocausts offered to the Almighty, to commemorate the giving of the law to Moses on Sinai,

Where erst on Israel's awe struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep dark cloud,

While the faithful were offering in thanksgiving the fruits of the earth, our Lord delivered those beautiful instructions which St. Luke has recorded. Above all he warned them of avarice, of covetousness, and even of over anxiety for the necessities of life: as in the sermon on the mountain, he exclaimed: "Consider



the lilies how they grow, they labor not, neither do they spin: but I say to you, neither Solomon in all his glory was arrayed as one of these. And if the grass that to-day is in the field and to-morrow is cast into the oven, God so clotheth, how much more you, O ye of little faith? and you, do not seek what you shall eat or what you shall drink, and be not lifted up on high, for all these things the nations of the world do seek, but your father knoweth that you have need of these things. But seek first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be given you besides. Fear not, little flock, for it hath pleased your father to give you a kingdom. Sell the things that you possess and give alms.*"

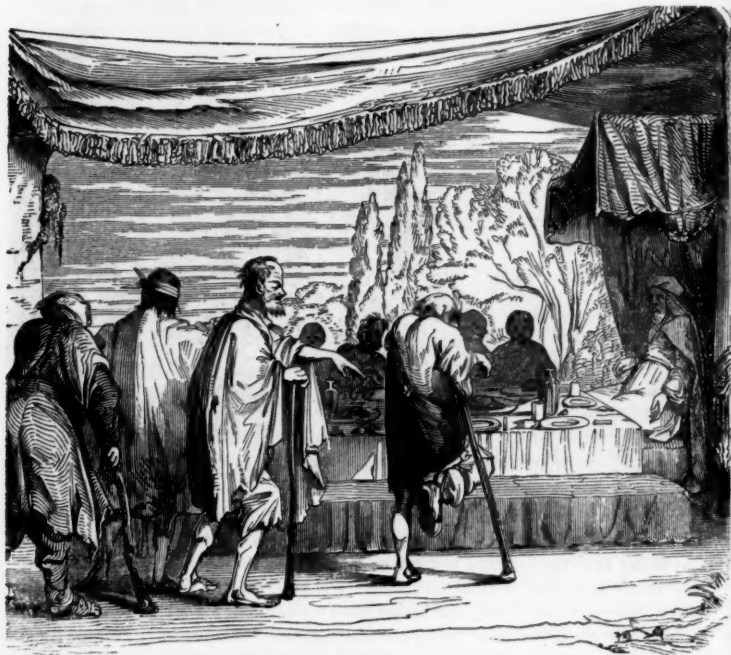
When the festival drew to a close our Lord returned again to Capharnaum, and again on a Sabbath day showed his miraculous power, curing a woman,

* St. Luke xii, 1-32.

who for eighteen years had been a cripple, bowed together by the power of Satan, and soon after cured a dropsical man also on the Sabbath. The leaders of the synagogue were angry at what they deemed a violation of the law, but our Lord rebuked them by a simple question: "Doth not every one of you lead his ox or his ass to water on the Sabbath day?" He then announced again the kingdom of God, that Church which he was so soon to found, and which like the mustard or the leaven was to increase beyond all human possibility.

Amid his teaching the Pharisees sought to alarm him by announcing that Herod sought his life: but he well knowing that he was to die not by Herod's hands but theirs, replied: "It cannot be that a prophet perish out of Jerusalem."*

Inculcating the same disengagements from earthly things as the foundation of his kingdom, he urged all to use their wealth not in idle extravagance and sumptuous banquets, but in relieving the poor: if they would set beside him in the great banquet of heaven. Following up this thought he compared the kingdom of heaven to a wedding banquet which a king made for his son, but to which the invited guests declined to come, one from business, another from pleasure, another



The Halt and the Lame.

from contempt. The king then sent his servants to bring in the poor and the feeble and the blind and the lame, compelling them to come in, put on the wedding garments and enjoy the feast. Even so would the Almighty do with regard to

* St. Luke xiii, 34.

the Church, the banquet ever spread : our Lord was now inviting the Jews, and would soon by his apostles call them to the ready banquet : and on their refusal he would bring in the idolatrous nations of the earth, till then the outcasts of grace : but he warns us, children of the Gentiles, that when invited we must not fail as we enter to purify ourselves and put on the wedding garments, which are ever ready, lest we be cast out and our last state become worse than our first : even as in our day we see Christians falling in belief and life lower than the pagans of old.

Our Saviour did not merely preach, he taught by his actions : he ever sought the poor, the outcast, the despised sinner, the condemned publican. The Scribes and Pharisees murmured, but he taught them of God's mercy, of his willingness

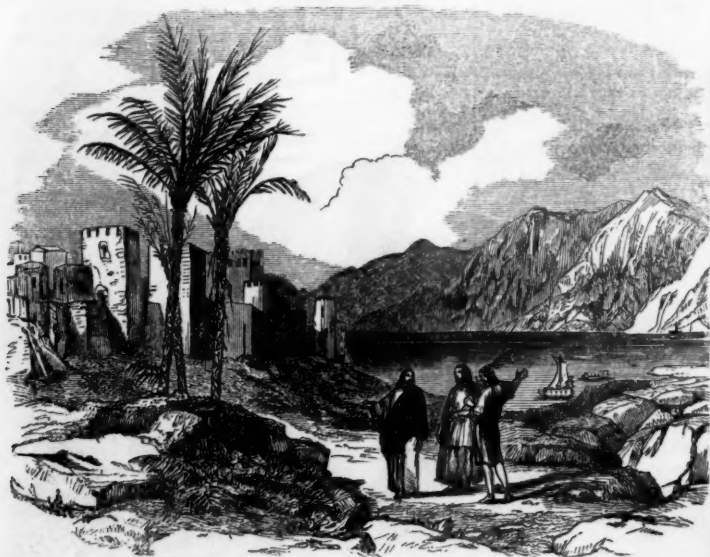


The Prodigal Son.

to receive the repenting sinner, by the parable of the prodigal son, who leaving a fond and affectionate father, went abroad, plunged into every dissipation till his wealth was exhausted, and as famine afflicted the land, the friends of his pleasures forsook him, and he became a wretched swineherd. Thus destitute, forsaken and despised, he entered into himself, and remembering his father's house, where the lowest menial actually rolled in luxury compared to his abject state, he

exclaimed: "I will arise and go to my father, and say to him: Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee: I am not now worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants." Nor was it a passing thought, an idle resolution: he set out for that house that he had abandoned, and his father seeing him afar, recognized him for all his misery, and ran out to meet him. This was not all, the good father embraced his repentant son with many tears, he dressed him in his best robes, he spread a banquet and filled his house with joy.*

When the period of the feast of tabernacles approached, that is towards October, our Lord again prepared to visit the Holy City, passing through the midst of Samaria and Galilee, and the country beyond the Jordan. On the way he gave many instructions, which St. Luke has recorded, on divorce, alms, scandal, and other topics. As the festival day drew nearer his brethren urged him to go up to the city. He intended to go, he had even told the Pharisees,



Our Lord declining to go to the Feast of Tabernacles.

who sought his life, that they should not see him again in Jerusalem till the close of that solemnity:† but as he did not intend to be present at the beginning of it, and thus go up with them, he said: "Go you up to this festival day; but I go not up to this festival day, because my time is not accomplished," and he remained in Galilee: but some days after proceeded in secret to the Holy City. The Jews from all parts had entered bearing the branches, and the bowers had been made to commemorate the tents of the children of Israel in the desert: all were engaged in the solemnities, and our Redeemer, for whom all were inquiring, whose doctrine all were discussing, was not perceived till he rose

* St. Luke xv, 11-32.

† St. Luke xiii, 35.

in the temple to teach. Then the people again began to discuss whether he was the Messiah, and they wondered that the rulers who had sought to kill him, now allowed him to preach his doctrine openly, and avow that his doctrine was of God: "My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me. He that sent me is true: whom you know not: but whom I know, because I am from him, and he hath sent me. Yet a little while I am with you: and then I go to him that sent me." On the last and great day of the festivity, the Hosanna Rabba, while all waving the branches of palm, osier and myrtle, chanted the words of the 117th Psalm: "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord," Jesus stood and cried: "If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink. He that believeth in me, as the scripture saith, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." Many now convinced by his doctrine cried out: "This is indeed the Messiah," and the chief priests resolved to apprehend him: but when the officers approached, they durst not lay hands on him, and returned to those that sent them, saying: "Never did there man so speak as this man." "Are you also seduced," said the Pharisees contemptuously; and though Nicodemus urged them to examine his claim before condemning him, they persisted in their design to effect his death.*

Towards evening our Lord retired to Mount Olivet, and having spent the night there, returned to the temple, where he sat down and taught the people. The Scribes and Pharisees had consulted for some plan to entrap him, and as a woman had just been taken in adultery, they brought her before our Lord to ask what should be done with her, as by the law she should be punished by death. This law had long been obsolete, but they hoped now to make our Divine Redeemer appear either as a lax follower of the law if he advised a less punishment, or a man of blood if he sought to revive the ancient law. "Master," said they, "this woman was even now taken in adultery, and Moses in the law commanded



Jesus writing on the dust.

* St. John, vii.

us to stone such an one." But Jesus stooping down wrote with his finger in the sand; regardless of what he wrote, they repeated the question, and rising full of majesty, he said: "He that is without sin among you, let him first throw the stone at her," and again stooping down he wrote as before. Baffled by this answer the eldest silently withdrew, and one by one all went out leaving Jesus and the woman alone amid the crowds whom he had been instructing. When Jesus, lifting himself up, said to her: "Woman, where are they that accused thee? Hath no man condemned thee?" She answered: "No man, O Lord;" then as she sank before him, Jesus pronounced the consoling words: "Neither will I condemn thee; go, and now sin no more."

THE HOLY FAMILY.—MURILLO.

THE accomplished painter of the original picture of the Holy Family, was born at Seville, on the 1st of January, 1613, of poor parents; and in the face of many difficulties, our young genius had to fight his way up to that high eminence which he ultimately reached in the fine arts. His biographer remarks that a visit to the studio of a relative first gave him the determination to be a painter. Juan de Castillo was the honored name of that relative, who taught our young artist the rudiments of the sublime science. Juan removed to Cadiz, and Murillo was obliged to earn a subsistence, while pursuing his studies, by painting banners and small pictures for exportation to South America. He labored on for many years, overcoming all the difficulties which met him on his road to eminence,—like a man should do who is determined to conquer. He had seen some of the productions of Vandyke, and was struck with the beauty of their coloring: and forthwith he resolved to study in the same school, and at once to repair to Rome, the nurse of the arts and sciences. But, alas! he was poor; his friends endeavored to persuade him from his purpose, and pronounced his scheme wild and Utopian. Murillo, nothing daunted, bought a quantity of canvass, divided it into small squares, and labored early and late until he had produced a quantity of beautiful sacred pictures, and then set off to Rome, selling his pictures for bread as he proceeded. On his arrival at Rome, he met with kind friends, and labored on until he excelled the works of his masters. The princes and prelates of the Church, in both Spain and Rome, as also several of the monastic orders, engaged his pencil in the production of sacred pictures for their churches; hence have we many of those masterpieces of genius, which are invaluable and unrivalled, to-day. Amongst his productions was the History of St. Francis, which he painted for the convent of Franciscans at Seville, which excited the admiration of everybody. His pictures of St. Clara and St. James established his fame, and orders flowed in upon him from all quarters. Another celebrated picture was his Marriage of St. Catherine, over the grand altar of the Capuchin church at Cadiz; while painting this he fell, and so much injured himself, that he never thoroughly recovered the effects until death relieved him, in April, 1682. His other paintings are very numerous; and if they do not elevate him to the dignity of a Raphael, or the grandeur of a Caracci, or the grace of Correggio, his great talents place him in the first rank amongst the painters of every school.

MARY LEE:

*Or the YANKEE in IRELAND.**

BY PETER PINKIE.

Edited by PAUL PEPPERGRASS, Esquire.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DURING Mr. Weeks' long and secret conference with the negro (for Mrs. Motherly was carefully excluded from the room), Hardwinkle still remained closeted with the officer of constabulary at Crohan House, devising plans for the immediate committal of Randall Barry to Lifford jail. A difficulty, however, presented itself, which Mr. Hardwinkle had entirely overlooked in his zeal for the safety of the state—namely, the presence of Captain Petersham of Castle Gregory, who as senior magistrate of the barony, was very much in the habit of taking such cases into his own hands, and disposing of them according to his own peculiar views of the law thereunto made and provided. Mr. Hardwinkle, it appears, in order to avoid unnecessary delay, was for having the prisoner brought before himself and committed forthwith—but the officer demurred on the ground that the Captain had already, in anticipation of Barry's arrest, given strict orders to have the prisoner brought before *him*, and no other. Hardwinkle denied Captain Petersham's right to issue such orders, inasmuch as the crime charged against Barry was a capital offence, requiring prompt and summary action by the nearest of her majesty's justices of the peace, without distinction of rank. Furthermore, he contended that Captain Petersham, from his well known disaffection to the government, and his notorious opposition to its measures for the "amelioration" of Ireland, was neither a fit or proper person to try the case at all. Still more,—he assured the officer that the Captain's anxiety to take Barry into his own hands was but the consequence of a secret determination on his part to let the young rebel escape, if he could possibly do so, on some pretence or other, and therefore to trust such a man with the case was virtually to defeat the law, and frustrate the designs of the government.

These remonstrances, however, seemed to produce but little effect on the police officer, who still persisted in his determination of bringing the prisoner before the senior magistrate as in duty bound—adding by way of makeweight, that he valued his life too highly to risk it by an act of premeditate disobedience to the orders of such a madman and fire-eater as Captain Tom Petersham of Castle Gregory.

At length, after various plans and schemes had been proposed and rejected, it was finally agreed that nothing could be done for the present, but that early on the following morning Mr. Hardwinkle should despatch his servants post-haste to certain magistrates of the neighborhood, on whose loyalty he could depend, requesting their presence next day on the Petit Sessions bench, in order to neutralize any

* Copy-right secured according to Law.

efforts that might be made by Captain Petersham to free the prisoner. In the mean time the barracks should be well guarded, particularly through the night, and every possible precaution taken against any attempt to rescue by the friends and abettors of the young outlaw. With this understanding the two zealous defenders of church and state separated, each congratulating the other on having secured at last the person of so dangerous and malignant a traitor as Randall Barry.

Whilst the above consultation was going on, Mr. Weeks had quite recovered from the consternation he felt on recognizing the negro in Mr. Guirkie's parlor, and, after leaving his message with Mrs. Motherly, was now proceeding on his way to Castle Gregory, looking as grave and composed as if nothing had occurred to disturb his equanimity. The animal on which he rode—we have said already—was by no means remarkable either for his beauty of shape or swiftness of foot, and so low withal that his rider's feet almost touched the ground as he jogged along. Still the animal, though of low stature, was nevertheless remarkably thick set and stout, and looked strong enough to carry a much heavier load if he only made up his mind to do it. We add this saving clause, because the little fellow happened to belong to the species of horse called the "Rahery or Rathlin poney," well known in the north of Ireland, and famous not only for its great strength, but also for its inveterate habit of resisting all attempts at coercion, so that "as wrong-headed as a Rahery" had long become a common expression throughout the province.

Mr. Weeks, when he first took a notion to try the horse for a morning's ride, was cautioned by his Crohan friends not to trust him too far. Rebecca especially took great pains to acquaint her good cousin with the poney's bad habits, and to put him on his guard. But Weeks, confident of his superior horsemanship, and anxious to verify the truth of his favorite saying, "that no living critter could come it over him," would listen neither to advice or caution.

The little Rahery, as we have before observed, being neither fast nor handsome, and having little therefore to feel proud of, contented himself with trotting along in his own quiet way, without the least pretension in the world, and caring just as little for the opinions of his neighbors as he did for the spurs of the rider.

Notwithstanding all our hero's boasting, however, it was quite evident he knew little how to govern the horse he rode just then, whatever he might have been able to do at home in New England, for he kept tugging at the reins and pricking the creature's sides with a constant uniform motion, as if the double movement of hand and heel constituted an essential part of the exercise. Whether the gruff, bull-headed little brute felt he had a green-horn on his back, or whether he resolved "to hold the even tenor of his way" despite bridle and spur, rather than quicken his pace, is difficult to tell. But certain it is, Mr. Weeks' efforts seemed to mend the matter but very little. In this fashion, however, he managed to dodge along for a mile or two, his legs swinging to and fro under the horse's belly, and his left hand jerking the bridle at every step, when all of a sudden the poney came to a dead halt, and absolutely refused to proceed another inch in that direction.

Mr. Weeks, who had ridden the horse half a dozen times before, and never had any difficulty with him, was rather surprized at his conduct, and took good care to express himself accordingly, both in word and deed. After spurring for a while, without any effect, it occurred to him the saddle gear might have got out of place, and he instantly dismounted to examine. But to his great disappointment he found himself mistaken. Every thing was exactly where it ought to be. Taking the reins then, he tried to lead the poney past the spot, but the poney absolutely and

decidedly refused to lift a foot. It was very provoking to Mr. Weeks to find himself there "on the public highway" beating and shouting at the perverse little brute, and everybody laughing at him as they passed by. It was unpleasant, to say the least of it, and Mr. Weeks, as might be expected, felt very uncomfortable indeed. At length when he tried and tried in vain, and saw no likelihood of succeeding by ordinary means, he drew a knife from his pocket, cut a stout ash sapling from a tree by the road side, and then mounting again laid on the poney with might and main, determined that if he still refused to proceed, it should not be for want of urging. The animal finding matters growing serious, but resolved notwithstanding to have his own way, still took the bridle bit between his teeth, and poking down his head, wheeled round, and started off to Crohan House at full gallop. Weeks, unable to manage the sapling any longer, threw it from him, and seized the reins with both hands to haul him up, but alas! he might as well have seized the horns of a buffalo—on drove the head-strong little Rahery at the top of his speed, and apparently with as much ease as if he carried a child on his back.

"Hoe! hoe!" shouted Weeks, "hoe, ye darned critter."

The poney unaccustomed to the Yankee manner of address, mistook it probably for a command to go the faster, and on he drove accordingly.

"Tarnation to ye!" cried Weeks again as his hat flew off, and his long sandy hair floated back on the breeze. "Tarnation to ye! hav'nt ye got no mouth on ye nor nothing, hoe! then hoe!! I say. Oh, merciful heavens! such a country."

At this moment a party of gentlemen and ladies, some five or six in number, came riding up, meeting him at a smart trot, and Weeks seeing their approach motioned to stop his horse. One of the riders crossed the road for that purpose, and waved his handkerchief, but the mischievous animal on seeing his way blocked up, instead of coming to a sudden halt, wheeled off sideways, and ran, or rather tumbled down a steep bank by the road side, right into a farmer's kitchen, with the rider's arms clasped round his neck. The blind impetuosity with which the animal drove on, and the nearness of the house, left him no time to choose, so that rider and horse were both in the man's house before they knew it. Then came the catastrophe, for the poney unable to stop his speed down the bank, not only passed through the door with resistless force, but came full tilt against the "dresser" which stood opposite, breaking at a single crash every article of delf on its shelves, and confounding man, horse and dishes in one common disaster.

The confusion which instantaneously followed was amusing. The man's wife ran out with a child in her arms, screaming murder and robbery, half a dozen little boys and girls ran after her yelling, and crying for help, the poney backed out after doing the mischief, and scampered off to his manger, and the owner of the house made his appearance in his shirt sleeves at the door with a pitch-fork in his hand, swearing all sorts of instant vengeance against the "murdherin" villian in the kitchen.

"Stop, stop, my good fellow," said one of the party on horseback, who seeing how matters stood, had dismounted and arrested the weapon as the fellow flourished it at the door. "Stop, this is a mere accident, my good man."

"Away—out i' my road," shouted the farmer. "Stand off and let me at him this minit, or by —"

But here he paused and swallowed the oath, for on looking over his shoulder he found himself in the hands of Captain Petersham.

"I beg yer honor's pardon, sir."

"Well silence then, you rascal," commanded the Captain.

"I can't nor I won't, sir; look at the wrack he made, the murderin villian! I'll train him this minit. I'll smash ——"

"Listen to me, sir."

"Flesh and blood cud'nt stan it. Let me at him."

"Stop this instant, or by —— I'll horsewhip you within an inch of your life."

"The thievin vagabond, where is he, till I melt him."

"Will you not listen to me, you dog?"

"The bloody cut-throat, I'll have his life."

"Robert, ho, there Robert hand the reins to Mr. Whately. Quick sir, and you, Mr. Johnson, help him to gag this blundering fool, while I go in and see what the matter is."

"Bekase he's one i' the quality, he has lave to do what he lakes, but I'll tache him the difference."

"Who is he, Mr. Whately?" inquired one of the ladies, whose horse kept prancing in front of the door.

"Is the unfortunate man of this neighborhood?" demanded another.

"Is he much hurt?" said a third, addressing the farmer's wife, who was now making her way through the crowd of horses with the child still in her arms.

"How can I tell yer ladyship whither he's hurt or not. But the sorra's cure to him any way, the dirty gomeril—to smash our bits in plenishin, that I bought only last week in Francy McGarvey's with the dlibs i' money I earned hard with my own four bones. Bad luck to him every day he rises."

By this time Captain Petersham succeeded in making his way through the kitchen over broken plates and dishes, and there found the hero of the tragedy with his hands thrust down into his breeches pocket, standing in the midst of the ruins he had made.

"What's the damage, Major?" said he, shaking up the silver as the Captain approached him, "what's the damage? I'll foot the bill. Good lord, such a country!" he muttered to himself. "Oh, if I were only once—say, what's the damage?"

"Damage!"

"Yes—hold on though, you ai'nt boss of the shanty, are you?"

"I, no, sir. Why, my heavens! is this you?"

"Well yes, I guess I'm that particular individual."

"Mr. Weeks of Drakesville, eh?"

"No, sir, it ai'nt—Ducksville, if you please."

"Yes, yes, I recollect—Ducksville. I'm really very sorry, Mr. Weeks. On my honor, my dear fellow, I'm exceedingly sorry for you."

"Why who the thunder are you? Hold on. As I live, Captain Petersham of Castle Gregory! How do, Captain. Glad to see you. Got into a kinder snarl here, eh."

"Ha! ha! you're not accustomed to our Irish horses yet; got hurt, eh?"

"No, sir, not a mite—got my coat torn and lost my hat—that's all."

"Well, never mind—it might have been worse. So come with me, some friends of mine here are anxious to see you. And I've a horse at the door too to carry you to Castle Gregory. You'll come and dine with us, of course."

"Well, the fact is, I was agoine there when this confounded ——"

"Thank you. Just so," interrupted the Captain, "come then. I'll settle all this for you to-morrow."

Whilst the foregoing colloquy was taking place, the owner of the house had been gradually quieted down by the Captain's friends outside, and the Captain himself had succeeded in leading Mr. Weeks to the door, where his servant's horse awaited him to mount. As the latter, ashamed and discomfited, slowly advanced to the door and looked up, he felt "kinder uncomfortable," to use one of his own phrases, at seeing so many eyes fixed on him. But the confusion lasted only a moment, for, like his countrymen, Mr. Weeks' recuperative powers were always at hand, ready when called for.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the Captain, by way of a passing introduction, "this is Mr. Drake, of Weeksville, Connecticut, United —"

"Mr. Weeks, if you please"—and the speaker drew forth a card from his silver case, and presented it respectfully to his friend. "My name, sir, you will perceive, is Weeks, Mr. Ephraim C. B. Weeks, Ducksville, Connecticut, United States."

"Just so, Mr. Weeks. Excuse me, my dear fellow; I'm the most confounded blunderer imaginable. Hang it, I'm always blunderin about that name some how, and can't tell how it happens."

"Never mind the name," said one of the ladies on horseback, "mount this horse here, and come with us to Castle Gregory," and the speaker touching the spirited animal she rode on the flank with her riding whip, broke through the crowd, and prancing up to the door, stretched out her hand to the American, "come, sir, I've been long wishing to see you; and now you and I must ride together and have a chat in advance of the party."

"Who is she, Captain?" whispered Weeks, after he had touched the lady's hand.

"That lady—why, that's my sister—Kate Petersham."

"You don't say!"

"Never saw her before, I presume?"

"No—often heard of her, though. Kinder smart, ai'nt she?"

"Yes, sometimes—when she takes the notion."

"She looks sorter smart—rides well, I guess?"

"Yes; does pretty fair at a fox hunt. Like to cross a ditch or too with her, eh? You can have any of my horses you please."

"No, I thank you; I should rather not at present. That's a pretty piece of horse flesh she rides, ai'nt it?"

"Yes, sir; that's the best mare of her inches in the province of Ulster. I'll back her against any thing of her age and weight in Ireland, for a thousand."

"Should like to own that critter."

"Can't sir; Kate would as soon part with her right hand, as part with 'Moll Pitcher.' See how she dances—she's mad to get off."

"What detains you, Mr. Weeks?" cried Kate.

"Excuse me for a moment; I'll be with you presently."

"Make haste then," exclaimed the Captain, "Kate will be quite offended if you keep her waiting."

"Here my good woman," said Weeks, taking a couple of sovereigns from his purse, and handing them to the farmer's wife, "here take these and replenish your shelves."

"You seem to be in a great hurry to repair the damage, Mr. Weeks," observed the Captain.

"Well I guess it's just as well, ai'nt it?"

"To-morrow had been quite time enough."

"To-morrow! by jingo, I should'nt wonder if that crazy coon, her husband, would have my life before to-morrow. These countrymen of yours, Captain, ai'nt to be trusted."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the Captain, "I see you're not much acquainted with the disposition of the Irish."

"Ai'nt I though. By crackie if I ai'nt then, for my short time amongst them, I don't know who is. Say, my good woman, hai'nt you got a hat in the house I could have for a day or so? fly around and see if you can find one."

"Mr. Weeks, Mr. Weeks," cried Kate again—"here I am waiting for you all this time, and Moll Pitcher's so restive that I can hardly manage her."

"Never mind the hat," said the Captain, dragging Weeks by the arm—"never mind it now, we'll pick up your own on the road."

"Hold on a second—hurry up my good woman," exclaimed Weeks, "let me have something to cover my head. Hilloa, what's that?" he demanded, as she handed him a cap made of hair or rabbit skin. "What the thunder is this? Hai'nt I seen that cap before?"

"No matter; put it on," cried the Captain, "and let's be off."

"Wait a minute—what's this in the bottom of it?—a letter, by crackie, and to Miss Kate Petersham too. Why, how's this?"

"Who owns the cap?" demanded the Captain, "or how comes this letter in it, addressed to Miss Petersham?"

"I own it," said a new comer, issuing from the door of a little room behind the dresser. "I own it and claim it too."

"Lanty Hanlon!—by thunder it is."

"Let me have the cap, sir—here's one to replace it," said Lanty, handing Weeks another of nearly the same description, and taking his own without the least ceremony from the hands of the astonished Yankee.

"Well there—say Captain, can you tell me how many duplicates of this individual are to be found in the deestrick, or in other words, is he really the devil himself?"

"Lanty Hanlon, how came you by this letter?" demanded the Captain.

"Don't trouble yourself about it, Captain," cried Kate, "it's only a love letter. Keep it safe for me, Lanty. I'll meet you at the *place you know*, this evening. Be punctual now, or I'll discard you."

"Niver fear, my lady; I'll be there at four o'clock, but mind if you don't be up to time yourself, we must break the engagement. Yer sarvint genteels," and throwing the cap on his head, he disappeared as he came.

"I see Captain, you know that fellow."

"Oh yes; I have known Lanty for years."

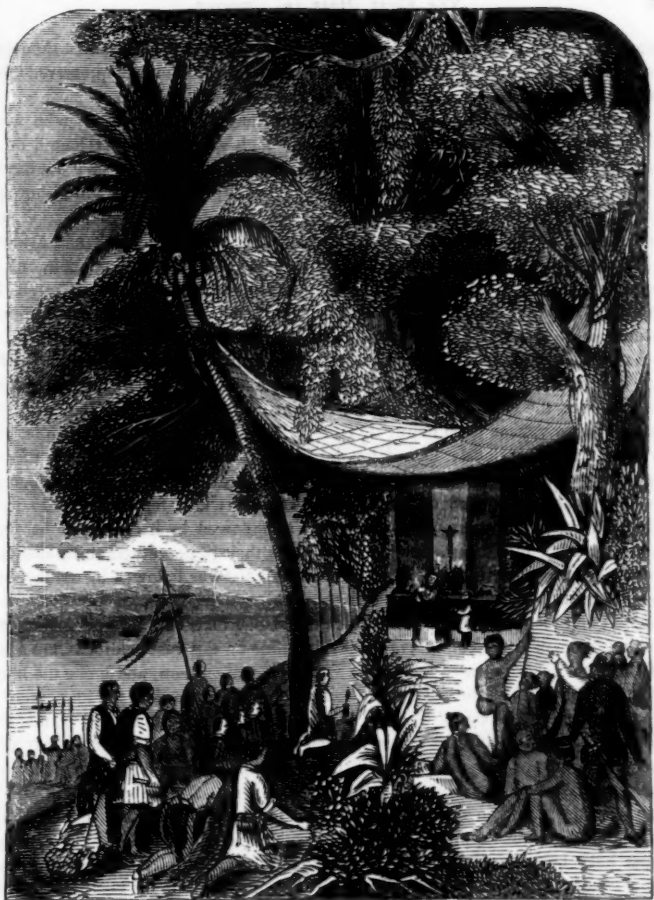
"Well, he's a tarnation villain, let me tell you that."

"Lanty, ha! ha! Oh no, he's not a bad fellow. He's only fond of playing tricks, that's all."

"Tricks—he's the darndest rascal unhung."

Weeks now mounted the groom's horse, which proved to be a gentle, well disposed animal, and with the Captain on one side and Kate on the other, rode in front of the procession, his rabbit skin cap jauntily set on the side of his head, and his hands and feet jerking and swinging as before, to the no small amusement of the party.

To be continued.



THE FIRST MASS IN AMERICA.

EVERY incident in the life of the great discoverer of the New World is full of interest and instruction, but none more so than the one which the above illustration recalls. It is one of those grand events connected with the history of Catholicity in this vast continent, to which the Catholic can turn with feelings of peculiar pleasure.

Columbus in his life beautifully illustrated the faith he professed. Catholic, not only in name, but in the fervor of his practice, he sought in every action the greater glory of God, and the interest of religion. Having at length, after years of disappointment and delay, obtained the sanction of the Spanish government to his undertaking, he hastened to obtain the benediction of the Sovereign Pontiff upon his voyage, and made heaven the object of his enterprise; and when it

pleased a benign Providence to crown his efforts with success, his first thoughts were to return his grateful acknowledgments to Him, who had preserved him amid the innumerable dangers to which he had been exposed.

Among the companions of Columbus there may have been those who were actuated by motives of interest or fame—the high-spirited cavalier bound on a romantic enterprise, the hardy navigator ambitious of acquiring new laurels in unknown seas, the roving adventurer seeking novelty and excitement;—but the Church, which had blessed the undertaking, sought in the enterprise a higher and nobler end. Beside the robust and hardy mariner stood the meek and zealous missionary, whose sole ambition was to extend the domain of religion, and to carry the glad tidings of salvation to the inhabitants of the regions that might be discovered. Friar Boyle of the Dominican Order, with twelve companions, composed the religious portion of the crew of Columbus.

As the last act of the pious navigator before leaving the port of Palos in Spain, was to invoke the blessing of heaven upon his expedition, his first act on setting his foot upon the New World, was an offering of thanksgiving to God, who had conducted his voyage to so happy an issue. Falling to the ground, which he had so long and so anxiously looked for, he kissed it with tears of joy, then raising his eyes and hands to heaven, he uttered that beautiful prayer commencing: *Domine Deus æterne et omnipotens*, which was afterwards repeated by all subsequent Catholic discoverers. His example was followed by his companions, who in the fervor of their hearts thanked heaven for their preservation, and moistened the earth with their tears. This act of thanksgiving was followed by another still more solemn. Selecting an elevated spot, an altar was erected beneath a rude canopy, and there for the first time the august Sacrifice of the Mass was offered on the shores of America. Here for the first time on this vast continent, the priest of the Most High repeated the mystic words of consecration, and broke the bread of life. Here amidst the wiles and beauties of nature, was laid the foundation of Catholicity in the Western World. Around this solitary altar, and at this first sacrifice, Columbus and his mariners knelt in humble adoration, and poured forth their most fervent prayers. At a distance, grouped upon the ground, the rude natives gaze upon the scene in mute astonishment. At the conclusion of the holy sacrifice, the minister of God turns to impart a solemn benediction to the venerable Columbus and his companions, who knelt before him. How solemn must have been that hour! How pleasing to the heart of the great navigator, who sought in all his enterprises rather the conversion of the heathen, and the extension of religion, than honors or wealth. How would that pleasure have been increased, could he have foreseen the vast empire to which his discoveries were destined to give rise—an empire in which, in after times, the holy sacrifice at which he had assisted would be offered, not from one, but from ten thousand altars; when his hundred followers would be multiplied into millions of true adorers of Jesus Christ.

Columbus had the holy Sacrifice of the Mass celebrated in all the prominent places he discovered. At Havana, one of the original chapels still exists on the spot where the astonished natives witnessed the grand and imposing ceremony: where for the first time, that sacred name at which every knee must bend, was proclaimed. At Isabella, in Hayti, the ruins of the first church still remain. At the present time it is quite overgrown with forest, and in the midst of this forest are still seen the partly standing ruins of the church, the remains of the king's storehouse, and a part of the residence of Columbus.

Miscellanex.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

AN AMERICAN PROTESTANT AT ST. PETER'S.—High Mass was said by the Pope in person, and the responses were sung by the choir. He performed the service with an air and manner expressive of true devotion, and though I felt that there was a chasm between me and the rite which I witnessed, I followed his movements in the spirit of respect, and not of criticism. But one impressive and overpowering moment will never be forgotten. When the tinkling of the bell announced the elevation of the Host, the whole of the vast assembly knelt or bowed their faces. The pavement was suddenly strewn with prostrate forms. A silence like that of death fell upon the church—as if some celestial vision had passed before the living eyes, and hushed into stillness every pulse of human feeling. After the pause of a few seconds, during which every man could have heard the beating of his own heart, a band of wind instruments near the entrance, of whose presence I had not been aware, poured forth a few sweet and solemn strains, which floated up the nave and overflowed the whole interior. The effect of this invisible music was beyond any thing I ever heard or expect to hear. The air seemed stirred with the trembling of angelic wings; or, as if the gates of heaven had been opened, and a “wandering breath” from the songs of seraphs had been borne to the earth. How fearfully and wonderfully are we made! A few sounds, which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been merely a passing luxury to the ear, heard at this moment, and beneath this dome, were like a purifying wave, which, for an instant, swept over the soul, bearing away with it all the soil and stains of earth, and leaving it pure as infancy. There was, it is true, a reflux tide; and the world displaced by the solemn strain came back with the echo; but though we “can not keep the heights we are competent to gain,” we are the better for the too brief exaltation. *Hillard.*

THE BLOOM OF AGE.—A good woman never grows old. Years may pass over her head, but if benevolence and virtue dwell in her heart, she is as cheerful as when the spring of life first opened to her view. When we look upon a good woman we never think of her age; she looks as charming as when the rose of youth first bloomed on her cheek. That rose has not faded yet; it never will fade. In her neighborhood she is the friend and the benefactor. Who does not respect and love the woman who has passed her days in acts of kindness and mercy? We repeat, such a woman cannot grow old. She will always be fresh and buoyant in spirits, and active in humble deeds of mercy and benevolence. If a young lady desires to retain the bloom and beauty of youth, let her not yield to the sway of fashion and folly; let her love truth and virtue, and to the close of life she will retain those feelings which now make life appear a garden of sweets—ever fresh and ever new.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—John J. Whitter, the Quaker poet, in writing about Irish emigrants among us, says:—“For myself, I confess I feel sympathy for the Irishman. I see him as the representative of a generous, warm-hearted and cruelly oppressed people. That he loves his native land—that he cannot forget the claims of his mother island; that his religion is dear to him; does not decrease my estimation of him. A stranger in a strange land, he is to me an object of interest. The poorest and rudest has a romance in his history. Amidst all his gaiety of heart and national drollery, and wit, the poor emigrant has sad thoughts of the ‘ould mother of him,’ sitting lonely in her solitary cabin by the bog side; recollections of a father’s blessings and a sister’s farewell; that sister loved so devotedly, are haunting him; a grave-mound in a distant church-yard, far beyond the ‘wide wathers,’ has an eternal greenness in his memory; for there, perhaps, lies ‘a darlint child,’ or a ‘sweet crather,’ who once loved him; the New World is forgotten for the moment, but Killarney and the Liffy sparkle before him; Glendalough stretches beneath him its dark, still mirror; he sees the same evening sunshine rest upon and hallow alike with nature’s blessing the ruins of the seven churches

of Ireland's apostolic age, the broken mound of the Druids, and the round towers of the Phœnician sun-worshippers: beautiful and mournful recollections of home awaken within him, and the rough and seemingly careless and light-hearted laborer melts into tears. It is no light thing to abandon one's country gods. Touchingly beautiful was the injunction of the Prophet of the Hebrews:—"Ye shall not oppress the stranger, for ye know not the heart of the stranger, seeing that ye were strangers in the land of Egypt."

THE GREAT SIN OF THE REFORMATION.—Alison in his History of Europe, though a Protestant, makes the following candid admission in speaking of the Reformation:

"The great sin of the Reformation was the confiscation of so large a portion of the property of the Church for the aggrandizement of temporal ambition, and the enriching of the nobility, who had taken a part in the struggle. When that great convulsion broke out, nearly a third of the whole landed estates in the counties, which it embraced, was in the hands of the regular parochial clergy of the Roman Catholic Church. What a noble fund was this for the moral and religious instruction of the people, for the promulgation of truth, the healing of sickness, the assuaging of suffering! Had it been kept together, and set apart for such sacred purposes, what incalculable and never-ending blessings would it have conferred upon society. Expanding and increasing with the growth of population, the augmentation of wealth, the swell of pauperism, it would have kept the instruction and fortunes of the poor abreast of the progress and fortunes of society, and prevented in a great measure, that fatal effect, so well known in Great Britain in subsequent times, of the National Church falling behind the wants of the inhabitants, and a mass of civilized heathenism arising in the very heart of a Christian land. Almost all the social evils under which Great Britain is now laboring, may be traced to this fatal and most iniquitous spoliation, under the mask of religion, of the patrimony of the poor, on the occasion of the Reformation."

DYING WORDS OF NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE.—The dying hours lingered slowly away, during which inarticulate murmurs were occasionally heard from the lips of the illustrious sufferer. "Twice I thought," says Montholon, "that I distinguished the unconnected words, '*France—army—head of the army—Josephine.*'" This was at six o'clock in the morning. During the rest of the day, until six o'clock in the evening, he was lying upon his back, with his right hand out of the bed, and his eyes fixed, seemingly absorbed in deep meditation, and without any appearance of suffering. A pleasant and placid expression was spread over his features, as if he were sweetly sleeping.

A dark and tempestuous night succeeded the stormy day. The gale, with increasing fury, swept the ocean and the black rocks, and wailed as mournful a dirge as could fall on mortal ears. The very island seemed to shake before the gigantic billows, hurled against its craggy cliffs by the spirit of the storm. In the midnight darkness of that terrific elemental war, the spirit of Napoleon passed the earthly vail, and entered the dread unknown.

"*Isle of Elba—Napoleon,*" were the last words of the gentle and loving Josephine. "*France—the army—Josephine,*" were the last images which lingered in the heart, and the last words which trembled upon the lips of the dying Emperor. *Abbott.*

PRINTING has been happily defined "the art which preserves arts." Printing makes the orator more than an orator. It catches up his dying words, and breathes into them the breath of life. It is the gallery through which the orator, the statesman, the historian, speaks to the ear of ages, and instructs rising generations.

ALMS-GIVING.—We cannot make a better use of our earthly goods, says St. Vincent of Paul, than employ them in works of charity; by this means we make them return to God, who is their source, and who is also the last end to which every thing should be referred.

HUMILITY is the virtue most strongly inculcated by our Divine Lord, and practised by his Holy Mother, and the greatest saints. It includes all other virtues, and when sincere introduces all to the heart.

THIS IS LIFE.—If we die to-day, the sun will shine as brightly, and the birds sing as sweetly to-morrow. Business will not be suspended a moment, and the great mass will not bestow a thought upon our memories. "Is he dead?" will be the solemn inquiry of a few, and they pass to their work. But no one will miss us except our immediate connections, and in a short time they will forget us, and laugh as merrily as when we sat beside them. Thus shall we all, now active in life, pass away. Our children crowd close behind us, and they will soon be gone. In a few years not a living being can say, "I remember him!" We lived in another age and did business with those who slumber in the tomb. Thus is life. How rapidly it passes.

MODESTY.—Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing more contemptible than the false. The one guards virtue; the other betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is repugnant to the rules of right reason; false modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is opposite to the humor of companions. True modesty avoids every thing that is criminal, false modesty every thing that is unfashionable. The latter is only a general undetermined instinct; the former is that instinct limited and circumscribed by the rules of prudence and religion.

Spectator.

TURKISH CUSTOMS.—The Turks abhor the hat, but uncovering the head, which with us is an expression of respect, is considered by them disrespectful and indecent. No offence is given by keeping on a hat in mosque, but shoes must be left at the threshold; the slipper, and not the turban, is removed in token of respect. The Turks turn in their toes; they write from right to left; they mount on the right side of the horse; they follow their guests into a room, and precede them on leaving it; the left hand is the place of honor; they do the honors of the table by serving themselves first; they are great smokers and coffee drinkers; they take the wall, and walk hastily in token of respect; they beckon by throwing back the hand, instead of drawing it towards them; they sleep in their clothes; they deem our short and close dresses indecent—our shaven chins a mark of effeminacy and servitude; they resent an inquiry after their wives as an insult; they eschew pork as an abomination; they regard dancing as a theatrical performance—only to be looked at, and not mingled in, except by slaves. Lastly, their mourning habit is white; their sacred color, green; their sabbath-day is Friday; and interment follows immediately on death.

PETER THE GREAT AND THE LAWYERS.—The law, as a profession, was not the taste of Peter the Great. When he was in England he visited Westminster Hall in term time, and was much struck with the array of wigs and gowns. "Who are these people?" said the Czar to Lord Carmarthen, who accompanied him. "They are lawyers, sire." "Lawyers!" repeated Peter; "why I have only two in all my dominions, and I believe I shall hang one of them when I get back!"

POLITICAL PARTIES.—The following list embraces the names of the most prominent political parties in this country, at this time:—Republicans, Whigs, Democratic Whigs, Woolly Heads, Silver Greys, Prohibitionists, Temperance Party, Stringent Licensers, Moral Suasionists, Constitutional Right Party, Liquor Dealers, Teetotalers, Democratic Republicans, National Democrats, Hunkers, Barn Burners, Hard Shells, Soft Shells, Half Shells, Reformers, American Democracy, United Americans, American Protestants, Know Nothings, Know Somethings, American Party, Choctaws, Hindoos, Sons of the Republic, Templars, Land Reformers, Anti-Renters, Liberal Party, Practical Democrats, German Democracy, Working Men.

BEAUTY.—What is the blooming tincture of the skin,
To peace of mind, and harmony within?
What the bright sparkling of the finest eye,
To the soft soothing of a calm reply?
Can comeliness of form, or shape, or air,
With comeliness of word, or deeds compare?
No!—those at first th' unwary heart may gain;
But these, these only, can the heart retain.

Gay.

MINING.—We are indebted to a California paper for the following:—We heard an unfortunate grammarian, who had made an unsuccessful tour to the gold regions, muttering to himself as he hastened home: Positive, *mine*; comparative, *miner*; superlative, *minus*.

BEN JOHNSON.—A vintner to whom Ben Johnson was once in debt, invited him to dine at the Falcon Tavern, and told him that if he would give an immediate answer to the following questions he would forgive him his debt. The vintner asked him what God is best pleased with, what the devil is best pleased with, what the world is best pleased with, and what he (the vintner) was best pleased with? Ben, without the least hesitation, gave the following reply, which, as an impromptu, deserves no small share of praise:

God is best pleased when men forsake their sin;
The devil is best pleased when they persist therein;
The world is best pleased when thou dost sell good wine;
And thou'rt best pleased when I do pay for mine.

ECHOES.—The best echoes (says a writer on architecture) are produced by parallel walls. At a villa near Milan, there extended two parallel wings about fifty-eight paces from each other, the surfaces of which are unbroken either by doors or windows. The sound of the human voice, or rather a word quickly pronounced, is repeated above forty times, and the report of a pistol from fifty to sixty times. Dr. Plot mentions an echo in Woodstock Park, which repeats seventeen syllables by day and twenty by night. An echo on the North side of Shipley church, in Sussex, repeats twenty syllables. There is almost a remarkable echo in the venerable church of St. Albans.

TRUTH is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy despatch of business. It creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labor of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in a few words. It will never be palatable to those who are determined not to relinquish error, but can never give offence to the honest and well-meaning.

LAWYERS.—A man from the country once applied to a legal friend for advice, and after detailing all the particulars of his case, he was asked by the attorney if he was sure that he stated the facts as they occurred. "O, yea," rejoined the applicant, "I thought it best to tell you the plain truth; you can put in the *lies* yourself."

GOOD ADVICE.—If wisdom's ways you wisely seek,

Five things observe with care;

Of *whom* you speak, to *whom* you speak,

And *how*, and *when*, and *where*.

FALSE happiness is like false money; it passes for a while as well as the true, and serves ordinary occasions; but when brought to the touch, we find lightness and alloy, and feel the loss.

INDUSTRIOUS PEOPLE.—The young lady who reads romances in bed; the friend who is always engaged when you call, and the correspondent who cannot find time to answer your letters.

WHEN God fashioned the heart of man, his first ingredient was goodness—the peculiar character of the Divine nature—and to be the mark left by the beneficent hand of the Maker.

FRUGALITY may be termed the daughter of prudence, the sister of temperance, and the parent of liberality.

GRATITUDE is the fairest flower that springs from the soul; and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant.

THOSE who do injury to others, are not only accountable for the actual evil they inflict, but also for the perversion of feeling which they give rise to in their victims.

THEY who would abandon a friend for one error, know but little of the human character, and prove that their hearts are as cold as their judgment is weak.

Review of Current Literature.

1. LECTURES ON ENGLISH HISTORY AND TRAGIC POETRY, AS ILLUSTRATED BY SHAKESPEARE. By *Henry Reed*, late Professor in the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is a second series of lectures from the pen of the late Professor Reed, whose bright career was closed, untimely, when the ill-fated Arctic went down into the deep. The Hon. William B. Reed, by whom the volume has been given to the public, with occasional notes and additions and a graceful and touching preface, has not only, in so doing, discharged an obligation of fraternal piety, but has rendered a service to his countrymen and to historical literature and criticism.

The larger portion of the work, embracing ten lectures, is devoted to the illustration of English history by the historical plays of Shakspeare. Few of us are aware of the extent to which our ideas of historical events and of the men who took part in them, are formed and modified by the works of the great masters of fiction, who have woven the mingled yarn of fancy and reality into historical drama or romance. It is only of late that the historic muse has condescended to borrow the arts of any of her sisters. To make the record of the past unfold a living pageant, with men and women, kings and priests and peasants, moving as they were—to paint their dress and manners—to open their households, and unveil their temples—to bring their ideas and their habits of thought and life, from the dead centuries with which they died in the flesh, into visible and animate array before the men who have come after them—all this, until lately, were deemed the province of the poet and romancer. The duties of the historian, under the old order of things, were assumed to be confined to "facts," as they were called—as if the manners and thoughts, the lives and conversation of men, and the resulting or inspiring principles and spirit of the ages, were not the grand human facts, to which the details of the annual registers and the tables of statistics are but tributary minutiae. Thus it was that men's memories found scarce any thing to dwell on, in the empty frame work of old history, and thus the historical dramatist and romancer became in fact our historians, clothing the skeleton of the past in its corporeal raiment, and informing it anew with the soul which was all it had of immortality. It would be curious to investigate how far many of those about us have derived their ideas of the celestial hierarchy from the epics of Milton. Not less interesting would it be to inquire how much of English History and the deeds and characters of the great men who wrought it, have come to us from Shakspeare and Walter Scott.

But we have not room to enlarge on the topic, nor to do more, in regard to the work before us, on that point, than commend to the reader the 'skilful and eloquent manner in which the lamented author has carried out the suggestions of his subject. The popular and attractive form and style of the lectures and their philosophical and candid spirit, will make them a permanent portion, we are sure, of the literary department to which they belong.

The last four lectures of the series are occupied with a critical analysis of the four great tragedies of Shakspeare—*Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet* and *Othello*—as illustrating tragic poetry and its chief end and aim.

We are not sure that we agree with Professor Reed, in the principle with which he starts, that "the upper air of poetry is the atmosphere of sorrow," and that tragedy is therefore the result of "the highest poetic inspiration." It strikes us that this is by no means "a truth," as he would have it, "attested by every department of art." There would be no difficulty, we think, in shewing illustrious and conclusive examples to the contrary, in poetry, painting and sculpture. The *Apollo* and the *Venus*—the former especially—are at least as lofty in the scale of art, as the *Laocoon*, the *Niobe*, or the *Gladiator*. The *Transfiguration of Raphael*, the *Conceptions of Murillo* and the *Assumption of Titian*, are without parallel, we think, in nobleness of inspiration. So the *Iliad* and *Paradise Lost*—to go no farther—seem to us to fall, in nothing, below the

highest heaven of poetical grandeur and invention. Professor Reed has been led, we think, into the error of not distinguishing between the sorrow, which is the special element of tragical influence, and the sadness which appears to mingle, it is hard to say why or how, with all our perceptions of the perfect in the works of art and genius. So far as his argument goes, it would seem only to prove, as between the different departments of the drama, the superior dignity of the tragic inspiration—that "sorrow is better than laughter," to the dramatist as well as the preacher.

Had we room for further remark, we should probably find reason to comment, also, upon the turn and method of Professor Reed's criticism. The German commentators on Shakspeare—whom Coleridge follows, and Professor Reed after him,—have always seemed to us to adopt the notion of that sect among the Islamites, who believe that every verse of the Koran was meant to signify whatever by possibility it can be tortured into meaning. Whatever can be got out of a thing, they contend must have been put into it intentionally and for some purpose. On this theory, dramatic criticism has become a metaphysical, moral, psychological and æsthetic investigation. Some noble and beautiful specimens of analysis have been the result, but for the most part, there has been but

"Dropping buckets into empty wells,
And drawing nothing up."

We do not mean to apply these observations to the criticisms of Professor Reed, so much as to the principles upon which he conducts them, which we must admit, while we venture to condemn them, have been adopted with singular success by several able men. We could have wished, however, to have seen less of Coleridge and Wordsworth, in the interpretation and illustration of Shakspeare. The school of these poets has got to revolving around itself, and nothing new comes from it. Like all innovations upon old forms, it sets up forms of its own which are quite as absolute. It commended itself, at first, by its originality, and has ended by exhausting that and admitting none else. Shakspeare, it strikes us, might "illustrate" Wordsworth very readily, but the converse of the proposition is by no means so clear.

2. HISTORY OF TEXAS, from its first settlement in 1685 to its annexation to the United States in 1846. By *H. Yoakum*, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. N. York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Texas will ever be in the general history of the country a point of great interest, from its connexion with Mexico, its revolt, its existence as a separate State, and its final union with our own Republic. We have already had several works bearing the same title, but none with the same scope or written with the same judgment, as the able and correct work of Colonel Yoakum.

As to the early Spanish part, Mr. Yoakum has carefully availed himself of all accessible materials, and gives a better idea of the progress of Texas as a Spanish colony than we had yet met. We regret indeed, that he is not better informed as to the Catholic religion, and especially the early missions, for one of his impartiality and exactness would not have adopted the assertions of Robertson and Forbes, that Catholic missionaries baptized converts after teaching them prayers that they did not understand. Catechisms in Spanish and Indian, used on Texas missions, still exist, which in fullness of explanation are equal to any now in use in any heathen mission: and show conclusively that efforts were made to explain Christianity in detail. This witness none can reject, and others are not wanting, among which may be noted the fact that the missionaries were reasonable creatures.

The Spanish period of rule is interesting indeed; but that which follows is still more so. When we come to the Mexican revolution, we find Americans entering Texas to join the republican cause, and contributing to the final success. They fought side by side with the heroes of the Mexican revolution, and with them achieved independence. The first Americans in Texas were no intruders, and although mostly Protestants, were never harassed by the Mexicans on account of their religion, as Mr. Yoakum shows, although so many school histories of late years insinuate the contrary.

The act of Santa Anna in overthrowing the federal government, and attempting to occupy Texas with regular troops, first led to war. This period, it is actually gratifying to read in our author: the fabulous engagements in which the results seem to shock all powers of belief, are here divested of the romantic, given not only with truth, but with the corroborating circumstances, which must ensure credit. Besides this the work has great merit in a literary point of view: the style is manly, sincere and vigorous: the author is no man-worshipper, and has sought to exalt no man at the expense of others; and has accordingly sought no adventitious aid to invest his narrative with the halo of romance. As may be expected, he has produced a monument of which Texas may well be proud, and which none of our readers will omit to consult for information as to the Republic of the Lone Star.

3. HELEN LEESON: a Peep at New York Society. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is a very entertaining, moral and instructive book. The author seems to have had no other object in view than the welfare of his fellow-men; and indeed the whole train of the story, the selection of the characters and the wholesome moral reflections so seasonably interspersed throughout the work, indicate the author as one thoroughly imbued with moral and religious sentiments, and alive to the importance of applying a remedy to the abuses of society. Thousands of works of fiction flow from the press, but how few of their authors are men of either sound judgment, accurate knowledge, or probity of character! What but impurity can proceed from a mind that is devoid of chastity of thought? What but error can flow from the brain, itself unformed to knowledge? What but emptiness, verbiage and bombast can issue from a judgment itself unsound? Yet these are the works which are read with the most gusto, and which though circulating immensely through the land, are scarcely numerous enough to satisfy the sickly appetite of the multitude for such food. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we meet with an author qualified for the noble task he has undertaken. The subject is one of vital importance, and tends not simply to point out the excesses of fashionable life, but also to reveal some of the good points of those who move in the higher walks of society. There are two opposite extremes which are equally to be avoided: neglect of the poor, and contempt of the rich. The wealthy and fashionable are too apt in their extravagance to look down upon the poor with indifference and coldness, and even to ignore their very existence. The poor, on the contrary, are inclined to judge harshly of their more fortunate fellow beings, and to divest them, in their minds, of every noble and Christian feeling. This work will point out the excess and extravagance of the rich, and in such a spirit and manner as to produce a desire in them of proper moderation. But at the same time, under all the glitter of external pomp and fashion, it reveals many a noble heart, many a generous emotion, many a charitable spirit. The poor must not therefore make a wholesale condemnation of the wealthy, but learn to discriminate, and judge favorably when there is no positive proof to the contrary. On the other hand, the inferior grades of society should not be despised and forgotten, but while charity opens the heart to the needy and relieves their wants, the eye of the reflecting man will perceive often under the rags of the beggar, a noble soul, and in the very hovels of poverty the warmth of genuine hospitality, and in the depths of degradation the sublimest Christian virtues.

How much nobler is this view, than those of so many who undertake simply to raise the curtain which hides the vices of mankind, and seem to revel in the filth and abominations of the lower orders, gloating over them with the same unholy desire as the miser who gazes upon his treasures. We have had enough of these works; and God grant we may have no more authors, whose inclination will lead them to seek subjects for books in such scenes as these! Scandal is more rapid than fire—its ravages desolate the human race, and introduce sin and wretchedness into many a garden of Eden. The very exhibition of vice is scandalous; and hence it is that even the work before us is not void of defect, though modesty is its reigning characteristic. The

scenes of gaiety and dissipation may lead some into the very labyrinth which is pointed out as dangerous. Another defect is that the descriptions even of virtuous acts of a tender nature are, perhaps, too voluptuous, especially for those whose passions are easily aroused, and may make them imagine that they too are destined to the same lot, when perhaps their craving is not to be satisfied; it is better not to excite it at all, if possible.

We would be much pleased to analyze the whole story and exhibit its principal points, but time will not allow us to do more than hint at some of the dominant characters. You behold in Mrs. Grantby the worldly woman; in Mrs. Leeson a model of domestic devotion; in Maovell the perfection of the beau; in Laura the sadness (though excessive) of a true widow; in Robert Leeson the deplorable effects of want of education; in Walter Grey the uprightness, candor and generosity which constitute the true gentleman; in Aunt Seraph affection, patience and good sense; in Helen the emptiness of worldly pride, and the happiness of domestic love; in the elder Leeson the tortures of a wicked man and the capriciousness of ungoverned passion, &c. Perhaps we do injustice to the author by thus drawing out and presenting unsupported, the characters of his work. The plot is well laid and adroitly developed, and the characters retain their personality with scrupulous consistency. The spirit of sectarian bigotry is entirely banished from its pages, and the spirit of toleration beautifully inculcated. The good Father Bernard could not have been more favorably delineated by one of his own religious belief. This is the author's maiden effort, and we hope it will not be his last. If he continue his labors in the cause of morality, and improve in proportion to the experience he will acquire, he will rank among the best writers of fiction our country can boast of. His style is easy, flowing and chaste; the descriptions are sometimes highly graphic, and occasionally the language is richly pathetic.

4. *LES SERVANTES DE DIEU EN CANADA, Essai Historique sur les Communautés de femmes dans cette province, par C. de la Roche Heron.* Montreal. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This little work is by a Catholic writer well known here and in France, of whom we need say little more in praise than that he is habitually assailed by *Dick Tints*, the foreign correspondent of the New York Times, who never fails to attack any thing truly Catholic. The book was called forth by the visit of the Nuncio, Mgr. Bedini, to Canada, where he was received with the greatest honor, and where, among other marks of respect, an album was presented to him representing the costumes of the various religious orders of women in the province, with statistics of their communities and schools. To illustrate this the author of *Les Servantes de Dieu* has, with great interest, compiled notices of the origin of the various orders, and a brief sketch of each to the present time. His brevity is his only fault, for his style is so graceful, his tone so purely Catholic, not merely in strict adherence to dogma, but in its traditional feeling, that we regret to find him give only a page or sometimes less to such heroic women as Mother Mary of the Incarnation, Sister Margaret Bourgeoys, Mlle. Mance or Madame Youville. Still the orders in Canada are so numerous and so little known, that we cannot but hail with pleasure the accession, expressing our hope that future editions will give it a greater extension, and gratify the curiosity which it cannot fail to create with regard to the religious communities for which Canada has always been famous.

The statistics are taken from the Album, and like it, were prepared under the direction of the Hon. Jaques Viger, commander of the order of St. Gregory, whose acquaintance with the history of his country is so well known, and whose labors in the cause of religion have won him such high honors from his Holiness.

5. *LETTERS TO THE PEOPLE ON HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.* By Catharine E. Beecher. New York: Harper & Brothers. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This book contains many excellent rules for the preservation of that greatest of earthly blessings, health, and may be read with much advantage.

6. **THE LION OF FLANDERS**; or, the Battle of the Golden Spurs. By *Hendrik Conscience*.
 7. **VEVA**; or, the War of the Peasants. An historical tale. By the same. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

These two tales form numbers 2 and 3 of the *Amusing Library* now in course of publication by Murphy & Co. They are more than amusing, they are interesting, thrilling episodes in the history of Belgium, and will no doubt be sought for eagerly by all that love the true romance. Although they only profess to be tales, their perusal will refute most strongly the oft-repeated accusation that the Catholic clergy are hostile to the liberties and rights of the people. Yet we are not to judge from this that they are exclusively Catholic in their tone. The general reader will not meet with any thing that will ruffle the most prejudiced. Indeed, no stronger proof of the Church's devotion could be advanced than the whole history of Catholic Belgium; and the generous sacrifice of life, for their country and their God, which its pastors were ever ready to offer up and to which they elevated the minds of their flocks, has no parallel in the world's annals. But the liberty they contended for, was a rational liberty, not license; a liberty that owned the supremacy of law and of God above all law, not the unbridled caprices, which to-day canonized principles and to-morrow cancelled them in the blood of all that is good and noble; a liberty, that even under kings and emperors could command respect and enforce obedience, not a plaything for mobs to trample under foot, when they were tired of its enjoyment. The Belgian owes a great debt of gratitude to M. Conscience for his thus unravelling the thread of his ancestors' noble enterprise, and whether that enterprise succeed as in the *Lion of Flanders* or fall as in *Veva*, rational liberty will always gain from the mere recital of the sacrifices undergone and the combats engaged in to perpetuate its possession. We hope that these are not the last, which the eventful annals of his native country will suggest to the author. Love of country and devotion to his holy faith claim of him that he should not allow his talents to remain uncultivated in a field of literature, in which not even the "Wizard of the North" can surpass him.

8. **TRAVELS IN ENGLAND, FRANCE, ITALY AND IRELAND**: By the Rev. *Geo. Foxcroft Haskins*. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We are more than pleased, we are delighted with this book, not only on account of its intrinsic worth, but because it is one of a class of Catholic literature much needed in this country. We have books of travels of all sizes, and almost without number, but there is scarcely one in which the manners, customs and institutions of Catholic countries are not reviled and misrepresented. The authors, moreover, even if they were disposed, are generally incapable from the natural bias of their education to do justice to things that are Catholic. Do their best, it is the voice and touch of a stranger; the life, the soul, the sympathy of the Catholic is not there.

Of the merits of Father Haskins' work we will not speak, but leave to our readers, unmarried, the pleasure they must derive from its instructive and interesting pages; and as the proceeds of the sale of the book are to be applied towards promoting the interests of the House of the Angel Guardian, over which the benevolent and kind hearted author presides, we trust the work may meet with a sale worthy of so noble an object.

9. **THE METROPOLITAN CATHOLIC ALMANAC for 1856**. Baltimore: Lucas Brothers.

This work for 1856 comes, as usual, well stored with statistical and other valuable information relating to the affairs of the Church. Besides the ecclesiastical summary to which we will have frequent occasion to refer, it contains an interesting biography of the Rev. Father Kohlman, whose memory is so deeply revered by the Catholics of this country, especially in the city of New York, the field of his long and zealous labors.

Editors' Table.

"ONCE more at our post, Mr. Oliver," said Father Carroll, taking up a scroll of paper that lay before him on the table, and repeating in a humming tone those lines of the poet commencing:

"This world is all a fleeting show."

"That's true, Father Carroll; every word of it true. I verily believe the poet was inspired when he wrote the lines you repeated. The world is fleeting, yea, it is passing away rapidly, and its thoughtless inhabitants are running to and fro grasping after the phantom of happiness, ever believing that the next revolution of the earth on its axis will bring within their reach the long-looked for boon. And editors, poor souls; they are like the rest of deluded mankind. Here we are, and here we have been, for a twelvemonth, toiling amid the summer's heat, and in chill and cold sufficient to freeze out the little of life that remains within us. And all this, for what? To amass a fortune? to acquire fame?—a name to leave to posterity? No: not one of these sordid or selfish objects. A higher, a purer, a more philanthropic motive spurs us on and keeps us from dying out-right at the task. A pure, disinterested love for the rest of mankind; a desire to enlighten the fallen children of Adam; to make them better and wiser, and to keep them from being carried away by the delusions of this fleeting world. But, alas! how slightly do they estimate our services. How little do they . . ."

"Pray, Mr. Oliver, don't always look upon the gloomy side of the picture. Life has its sunshine, as well as its dark spots."

"True, Rev. Father, life has its sunshine, but it seldom penetrates the cheerless abode of an editor's sanctum."

"You are surely not serious, Mr. Oliver," replied the Rev. gentleman, rising up and taking a profound pinch of snuff. "What labor, what duty, more noble and soul-inspiring than that of the Catholic editor? To pierce the bubble of folly, to tear off the mask of error, to demolish ignorance, to guide the uninstructed, to encourage the weak, to lift up the voice of honor, justice and religion in an eternal crusade for right—our banner the cross, our watchword charity.—What more exalting? What more worthy of the aspirations of a generous soul? To know that our humble labors have not been lost in the noble cause of Catholic literature; that they have tended to the development of truth, and the dissemination of sound principles of morality, is a reward, Mr. Oliver, worth more than mines of gold."

"Noble object, I admit, Father Carroll, and one worthy of every sacrifice. But think you that the Catholic Church, in this free land, has nothing to apprehend from the hostility of her enemies? Or is she destined to maintain her position, now that we have but little to expect from the influx of a foreign Catholic population?"

"These, Mr. Oliver, are serious and important questions, and will occupy more time than I can at present bestow upon them. But that you may not think me uncivil, I will attempt a short answer to the first of your queries, reserving the second and more important to some future occasion."

If it be intended by apprehension, that the Catholic Church in this country has any thing to fear from the arming of the civil government against her, I answer unhesitatingly in the negative, she has not. Catholicity has grown so extensive, and taken so deep a root in the soil, and has become so closely warped and entwined around the domestic hearth even of our dissenting fellow-citizens, by intermarriage, by conversions, and the reciprocal obligations arising from commerce, and the interchange of social duties, that the sword could not now fall without inflicting equally as deep a wound on the party in whose hands it is wielded, as on the victims against whom it was unsheathed. Apart

from this, moreover, such a course is repugnant to the first impulse of the American character. Open and generous, with a magnanimity as boundless as the nation; with enlightened patriotism that rises above every petty feeling; the people, as a nation, cherish as sacred the landmarks of religion, heretofore established by their venerated sires, and will never suffer the national character to be tarnished by removing them, while a single fragment of the constitution remains together."

"Danger, however," replied Mr. Oliver, "threatens us from another quarter. We are born and reared in the midst of literature essentially Protestant. Many of the most popular writers, the editors of the most prominent journals and periodicals, the plays, the painting, the current literature of the day, is Protestant, or rather infidel. How can Catholicity, or even Catholic literature, grow amid such influences? How can Catholic youth, circumstanced as they are, avoid the innumerable snares that are set to beguile them?"

"It cannot be denied, Mr. Oliver, but that the worldly vortex, in the midst of which we live, is infinitely more dangerous to faith and morals, and more detrimental to the prosperity of the Church, than the most violent legal enactments. Nevertheless we have but little to fear even from this source. For three-fourths of a century the Church in this country has withstood the combined influence of anti-Catholic literature and the open assaults of her individual foes. Still she has flourished. Her increase in numbers, and in literary and religious institutions, has kept pace with the unparalleled prosperity of the country. Behold her in 1786, at the period when the federal government was moulded into form. She then counted only four small churches, now she numbers 1,910 churches, and 895 stations, making in all 2,805 places of worship, and many of these noble and magnificent structures, vying in dimensions and in architectural beauty with the stately temples of the old world. Then only twenty-five priests were found to minister to the Catholic body, then numbering about 25,000, now nearly 1,800 zealous clergymen serve at her altar, and are even insufficient to attend the wants of the millions to which the Catholic population has now grown. Then she had not a single bishop, now the blank in the hierarchy is filled by forty prelates, seven of whom bear the distinction of archbishops. Then she had not a single school or college, now over five hundred literary, ecclesiastical and religious institutions attest her prosperity in this free land. Then not a single paper bore the title of Catholic, now she has a numerous and able corps of journals, which rise up around her like so many brazen battlements to defend her honor and promote her interest. And to complete the circle of her current literature, she has her periodicals,—her annual, her quarterly, and her humble monthly.

How sublime, I repeat, is the present position of Catholicity in this country! A position that elicits the respect and admiration of the liberal-minded of our dissenting fellow-citizens. This position, too, of which Catholics may feel justly proud, has been attained amid the combined opposition of press and pulpit, and surrounded by all the seductive influences to which you allude. Let Catholics be vigilant, true to themselves and to their religion, and the shafts of their enemies will fall harmlessly at their feet; the future of the Church in this country will be as bright and prosperous as her past career has been one of unparalleled success."

Here the Rev. gentleman took his seat, with a smile of approbation beaming from the ever cheerful countenance of Mr. O'Moor, and a nod from Mr. Oliver, with simple, "You are right, Father Carroll."

"It is high time, gentlemen," continued Father C., "to turn to the duties of the evening. As usual, all talk and no work. Well, now for the despatch of business."

"From the vast amount of literary matter upon our table, it will not be difficult to make selections," said Mr. Oliver, turning over several papers.

"I should think not," rejoined Father C., hastily taking up a document that lay before him. "The Funeral Knell," he continued, reading the title. "Here, Mr. O'Moor, is something that will please you—poetry. It is from the pen of our gifted friend, Mr. W., whose productions are always welcome to our table. It is a tribute to a departed friend."

Here Father C., with a clear voice and good emphasis, read the piece as follows:

THE FUNERAL KNELL.

Lines, in memory of a friend who died December 25th, 1855.

Arise and be rejoiced again, all ye who now are sad!
The time has come when every soul may triumph and be glad;
The hope of the "eternal hills" fills all the world with cheer,
While east and west, and north and south, proclaim Emanuel here.

Come thou, my harp! and let us join in chorus new and strong,
The choirs that hail this "Prince of Peace" with mingled shout and song;
Hosanna to the Highest! Hark! what tidings strike mine ear?
A friend, they say, mine own heart's friend, lies low upon his bier!

Why bring to me this mournful tale? thou messenger of ill!
Flinging o'er festal days like these such grief, and gloom, and chill,
Enough of woe is born to me from out this strange, cold shore,
O herald of the killing word! no more of this—no more.

But no—ah! no—I hear again those doleful tidings swell,
And in the winds that bear them on I hear his last farewell;
Farewell, my own! I, too, must say, farewell for ever now,
I weave a cypress-wreath to-day to bind around thy brow.

Thou hadst a fond and faithful heart, my brother, and my friend!
From which welled up a fount of love that never knew an end,
Thou didst not kneel with me indeed before one common shrine,
Yet friendship made me thine the same, and friendship made *thee* mine!

Oft thou didst sit at midnight's hour beside my fevered bed,
And, till the golden morning broke, upheld my fainting head;
Thou often wert the sweetest cheer that blessed me 'mid mine own,
If I were lonely then, alas! now am I doubly lone.

I know of generous deeds thou didst, which few beside me know,
Of which if but thy mourners heard, still faster tears would flow;
I may not tell them—let them pass—but no, they cannot die,
High, holy deeds like *them*, we feel, are patented on high.

A thousand hearts, fond hearts, they say, bewailed thine early fall,
A thousand, too, would fain I hear be bearers of thy pall;
This truth is still to me at best a mournful joy indeed,
And only makes my aching breast with keener anguish bleed.

Thou didst not kneel with me in truth before one common shrine,
Yet friendship made me thine the same, and friendship made *thee* mine;
Farewell, my friend, mine own heart's friend! farewell for ever now,
I weave this cypress-wreath, far off, for thy cold, marble brow.

M. A. W.

"Well, Mr. O'Moor, your opinion?"

"The piece is not without merit; but I have heard better poetry in my time. The length of the lines is fatiguing. But the soul-touching theme, which the poet has selected, forbids all scrutiny into the merits of the verse. What more sublime than to commune with those we cherished on earth, and invoke the muse of song in memory of departed worth!"

"Pray, O'Moor, what are those two bulky volumes there on the corner of the table?"

"These," holding them up; "these, Rev. sir, are Prescott's Philip II. Have you read it?"

"I did, and with much care too; I have, moreover, made out a few notes by way of commentary, under the caption, '*Is Mr. Prescott an Historian?*' For my own part I entertain a doubt on the subject. My notes are too lengthy for present reading; I must reserve them for the next number."

"Mr. Oliver," enquired Father C., "what neat volume is that you have kept so closely all the evening under your arm?"

"The *Escaped Nun*," was the prompt reply; "and I have kept a firm hold of her ladyship, lest she might escape from us before we had paid our compliments."

"The far-famed Miss Bunkley?"

"Yes sir; this is the true, genuine book itself: not a line of that spurious article, which those naughty publishers in Gotham sought to palm upon the public. If such books, however, find favor and meet with encouragement from the American people, I fear they will not long retain their reputation for liberality and intelligence. I have prepared a few remarks on the book which I will read with permission."

"Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Oliver. The book is unworthy of serious notice; let it alone, and it will die of itself."

"Have you no more poetry, Mr. Oliver?" enquired O'Moor, changing the conversation.

"Run out, I believe," replied Mr. Oliver.

"What, run out of poetry! you don't say so? Mr. Oliver."

"Well, I don't know. Examine that goodly pile of papers, which I have laid there near the stove, for the purpose of lighting the fire. You may find something among them to suit your taste."

"I see," said O'Moor, with a smile, "your readers are fastidious, and you have such respect for their tastes that you have come to the conclusion not to shock them with second-rate poetry. That's well: but would not a selection do?"

"Not at all. People can select for themselves, you know; and many do not like a rehash."

"Pardon me, Mr. Oliver; people can *not* always select for themselves; and again they have not always the time nor the opportunity. But what did you say about a rehash?" continued O'Moor, growing animated. "Sweet Poetry, a rehash! Can the language of the soul ever become tedious? Can enchanting music ever pall upon the ear? Or can the eye ever look upon the diamond without new pleasure? Poetry a rehash! How can you be so profane, Mr. Oliver?" continuing, in the meanwhile, his search among the pile of papers.

"Here's a bit worth reading," holding it up.

"Its title, Mr. O'Moor?"

"Light in Gloom, or the Departed Year."

"But that's not original."

"O, dear me! but you are mighty original this evening;" again thrusting his hand to the bottom of the pile.

"Oh, here it is, just the piece that suits the season, and original enough too," exclaimed O'Moor, advancing towards the table holding the paper in both hands.

"What have you there, Mr. O'Moor?"

"Nothing less than a Valentine."

"Mr. O'Moor," said Father C., "surely you are not serious when you say that such an affair is suited for our goodly magazine."

"You do not understand it, I see. It is not a valentine; it is only so called from being written on St. Valentine's day. It was sent by a venerable old gentleman, by way of condolence, to a brother, similarly circumstanced in life with himself, and contains nothing improper I assure you. Did you read it?"

"I confess I did not."

"Neither did I," said Mr. Oliver, interrupting the conversation. "Seeing its title I deemed it some trash unworthy of our notice, and threw it among the rubbish."

"This is really too bad," said O'Moor; "here is an exquisite effusion, and it came

well nigh perishing, because it bore upon its back an unfortunate name. It is worthy of better treatment. Permit me to read it, and judge for yourselves."

His two companions nodded assent, while O'Moor read the valentine as follows:

THE OLD BACHELOR'S VALENTINE—SENT TO A BROTHER.—*A Dirge.*

ALAS! my dear friend, I will freely confess,
That my days like your own are a stranger to bliss.
Lo! Valentine's here; I behold him once more,
And he finds me as hapless as ever before.
Last time he thought I despised his power,
For his frown was dark and his face was sour;
And sullenly gleamed the benevolent eye,
That sparkled so bright in the days gone by;
But alas! alack! and ah—well-a-day!
For ever those days have passed away!

'Tis more than thirty full years ago
Since his kind old face I learned to know;
I was hardly nineteen when he brought me a pen,
And urged me strongly, and urged me again
To write a few lines to some fair dame,
With full permission to use his name.
But the fair of those days are matrons grown,
With loved ones to cherish and call their own;
Alas! alack! and ah—well-a-day!
How swift have sped these years away!

Bright were his smiles in these glorious years,
Gladly his promises rang in my ears;
I joyfully hailed his welcome day,
Prefiguring valentines sweet and gay;
Prefiguring the fair ones with blushes faint,
Receiving the gifts of the good old saint:
And divining at once with undue haste
The writers of lines, so timidly traced—
But alas! alack! and ah—well-a-day!
Those glorious years have passed away!

And suddenly o'er me swept a change,
O'er earth's wide surface I'm bid to range:
I bade long adieu to my native land,
And long I abode on the stranger strand,
And for many a year on that stranger shore,
My spirit I feasted on antique lore;
Bent over the graves of the glorious dead
Too little I recked of the years that fled;
For alas! alack! and ah—well-a-day!
Such years fly swift, fly swift away!

When, at last, I came back, the saint looked cold,
And at every new visit more ready to scold;
Till vanished at last were his accents gay,
And frowning and stern he'd chidingly say—
"If you don't write soon to some fair dame,
I'll revoke all permission to use my name."
"Sweet saint!" would I answer ruefully,
"None fair or brown now cares for me!

For alas! alack! and ah—well-a-day!
The good old times have passed away!"

But hush! here he comes, and, strange to tell,
With the pleasant old look that becomes him well,—
"Ha! ha! at last!" he cries with glee,
"Ah! *Now* you are penning those lines I see;
It gladdens my heart, for I had really thought
The permission I gave you had surely forgot;
Her name?" "Not *Her*! Kind patron you see
I'm writing these lines to brother G.
For alas! alack! and ah—well-a-day!
Old times for ever have passed away!"

"There," exclaimed O'Moor, as he finished the last line, and perceiving his co-laborers indulging in a hearty laugh; "there, is there any thing in that objectionable?"

"Nothing in the least, Mr. O'Moor; still its name I fear would render it exceptionable."

"Then change its name."

"No, Mr. O'Moor, I think with Father C., that it ought not to be inserted. Our magazine you know —"

"O that's always the cry: our magazine. I believe in my soul, Mr. Oliver, if you had your own way, you would make a prayer book of it. However, the majority rules, and I submit to your superior judgments, but at the same time I must protest against this thing of always having our readers in straight jackets, and their faces as long as if they were reading the Lamentations of the Prophet."

"Well, I will not insist," continued O'Moor, taking up a copy of *Longfellow's Hiawatha*. "Here, Mr. Oliver, is the very work that will suit your taste;—Longfellow's last and greatest effort."

"Oh Mr. O'Moor! don't shock us with that catalogue of Indian names."

"Indian names! Mr. Oliver, you hav'nt the smallest spark of poetical composition in your soul. I admit that no small amount of critical nonsense has been written and printed concerning this remarkable poem. While one man finds nothing in it but a tiresome catalogue of Indian names, another sees in it the *Nibelungen Lied* of a new and native literature. The metre too has been as great a puzzle as the matter. We are treated to grave dissertations on its probable Finnish origin, and the critics, with all their official omniscience, have strangely forgotten the fact that the measure is any thing but a rare one. We have numerous examples of it in Italian and French, and it is by no means unknown in English. It is surprising that any one who ever heard the "*Dies iræ*" should trouble himself about the origin of this metre. It is true that in that noble hymn the lines are rhymed, but the measure is identical with that of *Hiawatha*. But I will not anticipate, for it is my intention to present in our next number, a full review of this delightful and original poem. Meanwhile I will take the liberty of saying that it is very far from diminishing the well-earned reputation of its author for elegant, finished and scholarly poetry."

Here the clock struck twelve, and closed our labors for the evening.

LECTURE BY THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.—The illustrious Archbishop of New York delivered a lecture in our city on 17th ultimo. before the Young Catholics' Friend Society, the proceeds of which are to be applied towards promoting the benevolent objects of the society. The audience was one of the largest ever assembled on a similar occasion in this city. The distinguished prelate selected for his subject—The Present Condition and the future Prospects of the Catholic Church in America. The subject being one of deep interest to every Catholic in the country, we will recur to it more at large in our next number.

LETTER FROM THE FATHERS OF THE EIGHTH COUNCIL OF BALTIMORE, to the Councils of the Work of the Propagation of the Faith.—The following letter, taken from the November number of the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, will be read with pleasure by all who feel an interest in the objects of that praiseworthy institution:

BALTIMORE, May 18th, 1855.

GENTLEMEN:—The Eighth Council of Baltimore, by which these lines are addressed to you, is no longer that assembly of prelates from all the dioceses of the United States of North America, the voice of which, three years ago, gave expression to the thanks of upwards of thirty Archbishops and Bishops towards your work; even the number of those who were to have assembled here in council, and with whom we expected to meet again when duty convened us, has diminished by one-fourth since the council of 1852. Death has deprived us of the valuable talents of the Bishop of Charleston, and the services of the zealous and indefatigable Bishop of Savannah; but the death, as well as the life of these two prelates, has reflected great honor upon the Episcopacy. The Right Rev. Dr. Reynolds has worn himself out in the service of his church; more happy still the Right Rev. Dr. Gartland, of Savannah, in having fallen a victim to his charity. During the past summer the yellow fever ravaged his episcopal town with unprecedented virulence. Every one who had the means sought to escape by flight from the frightful and disastrous scourge; but this good pastor, ready to lay down his life for his flock, remained at his post, seeking after those whom the pest had attacked, and actuated solely by the desire of gaining souls to heaven. Two of his priests (he had only three near him) were disabled by fever; the Right Rev. Dr. Barron, ex-missionary Bishop of an African colony, and who was for the time stationed with Bishop Gartland to assist in attending the sick, died gloriously in the exercise of his duties; but the generous and heroic prelate was only thereby inspired with greater zeal for the salvation of souls. At length, the malady attacked him also, and he died calm and resigned, a true martyr of charity. His solicitude for the wants of his flock, as well as his unremitting labors, had doubtless, Gentlemen, already enfeebled and predisposed him for the attack of the disease; and there can be no doubt that Dr. Reynold's death was accelerated by the same cause.

There remained only six Suffragan Bishops in the province of Baltimore, but the dioceses of Charleston and Savannah are represented by their worthy administrators. Several of us have made known to you, in particular, the wants and progress of our respective dioceses, and have considered it a duty and a pleasure to acknowledge the generous liberality of the Association, of which you, Gentlemen, are the administrators. Assembled as we now are, we are anxious to manifest, in common, the same sentiments that we have expressed individually: we thank you sincerely for all the zeal that you exercise in favor of the American Missions: we pray, and solicit the prayers of the faithful in our dioceses, for you. Through you we beg to express the sentiments of our hearts towards those generous souls, who, in every country, are associated with the work of the Propagation of the Faith. Moreover, we assure you that we entertain an earnest desire to coöperate with you, as soon as and as far as circumstances will permit.

But, Gentlemen, allow us also to call your attention to the urgent and constantly recurring wants of the dioceses confided to us, and to represent to you, with one common voice, that in several dioceses of this province these wants are very great. Without enumerating any in particular, suffice it to observe, that there is scarcely one that has not a claim to your charitable solicitude. But we fully appreciate your good will towards us and our Missions, and we do not consider that we need add a word to this general testimony, with respect to the state of our province. You will have learnt from the public papers, and the private letters of the Bishops, the progress that Catholicity is making, the increase in the number of churches and priests, and the multiplication of the faithful, still more rapid than that of the temples of religion.

We rejoice at these results; and you, Gentlemen, have great reason to participate in our joys, having consoled us in our labors, and facilitated our progress. May God reward you, by bestowing on you, on earth, the treasures of his heavenly riches, and granting you, after this life, the crown promised to the faithful and zealous servant.

The Archbishop and the Bishops of the province of Baltimore, assembled in council, beg you will accept, Gentlemen, the expression of their sentiments of profound respect.

In the name of the Bishops of the Council,

(Signed)

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK, Archbishop of Baltimore.

Record of Events.

From December 20, 1855, to January 30, 1856.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ROME.—The first anniversary of the definition of the Immaculate Conception was celebrated with due solemnity on the 8th of December at the great church of St. John. The Holy Father, with the sacred College of Cardinals, assisted at the holy Sacrifice of Mass, and at the *Te Deum* chanted on the occasion. The decorations of the church were in keeping with the solemnity of the festival. Hangings of silk and gauze, of velvet, and cloth of gold of the richest lustre, and 40,000 lights, formed a part of the splendor of the decorations. A solemn Trideum preceded the festival, and the vigil was observed throughout the city as a strict fast day: this the Holy Father granted at the request of the municipal authorities.

A Conspiracy Discovered.—A conspiracy, which meditated the most atrocious crimes, has lately been detected in the Holy City. The particulars have not yet transpired. The police had information of a meeting of the conspirators at the house of a butcher in the Via Laurina, and accordingly made a descent upon the premises, made a number of arrests and got possession of some important papers.—On the 18th of December last, His Holiness, in consistory, proclaimed the admission into the Sacred College of four additional Cardinals. The newly created Cardinals are all foreigners except one; their names and country are as follows: Mgr. Ranscher, Archbishop of Vienna, is an Austrian; Mgr. De Reisarch, Archbishop of Munich, a Bavarian; Mgr. Villecourt, Bishop of La Rochelle, a native of France, and Mgr. R. P. Grande, Procureur-General of the Dominicans, a Piedmontese. The Archbishop of Vienna will retain his see, the other three will reside at Rome, in order to inaugurate the re-establishment of the ancient usage of the Holy See of having in *curia* a certain number of foreign cardinals.

SARDINIA.—A debate recently took place in the Sardinian Chamber of Deputies of no small degree of interest. It may be remembered that for a number of years an annual allowance has been regularly made for the support of the ministers of a sect of Protestants called the Waldenses. The present government proposed to the Chamber to continue the grant. This was opposed by several of the most influential members, headed by Conte Costa de la Tour and Conte Solar de la Marguerite, on the ground that the government is at this moment taking from the Catholics the undenied and undisputed property of the Church, solely on the ground of financial difficulties. If then, it was argued, it makes a grant to Protestants, it is in fact giving to one that which it takes from the other.

SPAIN.—The country is tranquil. A bill for the reformation of the tariff, and another for the establishment of a Spanish Bank of Credit Mobelier, was in progress. Four Carlist prisoners were lately shot at Manresa.

FRANCE.—Active preparations are still kept up for a vigorous prosecution of the war, nevertheless certain indications would induce the belief that France is desirous of a speedy termination of hostilities. It is said that the Emperor is strongly in favor of calling a European Congress to settle not only the Eastern difficulty, but also all the complications of European relations since the Congress of Vienna. And in connection with this idea, a pamphlet has appeared in Paris under the title of *Necessite d'un Congrès pacifier l'Europe*, which is ascribed to the Emperor himself. England is reported to be much opposed to this project, fearing the influence of France in such an assembly. A grand Council of War is to be held in Paris of all the generals who have returned from the Crimea. A large body of troops have returned from the Crimea. Their reception was attended with every demonstration of respect; the Emperor welcomed them in terms of the highest eulogy.

The Ottoman Ambassador at Paris has notified Prince Napoleon that the Sultan, desirous of giving a proof of his gratitude to the French army, offers to his Imperial Highness all the articles sent by the Ottoman Empire to the Parish Exhibition of 1855, to be sold for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the army in the East.

While an unparalleled prosperity reigns through the empire, the condition of the Church is truly gratifying to the Catholic. Never was the intercourse with Rome more frequent. The congregation of bishops and regulars is daily besieged by a crowd of religious corporations from every part of France, soliciting the approbation of their institutions and rules. The religious congregations, especially at Paris, both male and female, are rapidly increasing in number and in the extent of their establishments. The order of St. Francis has just completed two new Capuchin convents, one close by the Boulevard Montparnasse, the other in the Rue du Faubourg, St. Jacques. The establishment of the Oratorians, known as that of the Immaculate Conception, situated in the Rue de Calais, has removed to a larger site in the Rue de Regard, where a chapel of imposing dimensions is in course of erection. In the Rue de Sèvres a large new church is rising for the use of the Jesuit community established there. The order of Cistercian Friars is on the point of being re-established in France, under imperial patronage. A former general of the order, now of very advanced age, the Père Mossi, accompanied, it appears, the Abbé Lucien Bonaparte, now a Benedictine, to Paris. The influence of the latter has obtained for the Père Mossi, a friend of his childhood, the authorisation and the means to restore his congregation to France. The Emperor too, on every occasion, manifests the liveliest interest in the welfare of religion. He recently gave a splendid breakfast service, in silver, to a lottery for a charitable purpose, which was held by the Society of St. Vincent of Paul.

ENGLAND.—A decision emanating from the Consistory Court, London, has given rise to much dissatisfaction to a portion of the members of the Established Church. The Rev. Mr. Liddell, a Puseyite minister, had adorned his church with flowers, pictures, crosses, and other things, that gave it the appearance of a Catholic chapel. These decorations gave offence to the warden, Mr. Western, who laid the subject before the Bishop of London, but failed to obtain a redress. He then applied to the Consistory Court. Here he obtained a verdict to the effect that the ornaments, crosses and candlesticks should be removed: that the stone credence table should be substituted for one of wood, and the various colored cloths to be changed for plain white linen.—Parliament at latest dates was further prorogued until the 31st inst.—Rumors of a prospect of peace were current, but it is stated that a difference of opinion existed on the subject. Palmerston and Panmure urge the prosecution of the war; the rest of the cabinet suggest the importance of embracing the present opportunity to negotiate for peace.—Baron Parke, one of the judges of England, retires from the bench and is to be raised to the Peerage under the title of Lord Amphill.—*Conversion*.—The Rev. Mr. Wheeler, rector of New Shoreham, recently renounced Protestantism and was received into the bosom of the Catholic Church.—*Catholicity in England*.—From the Catholic Directory we learn that there are in England at present, 944 priests, 708 churches, chapels and stations, 17 religious houses and communities for men, and 91 convents.

IRELAND.—The trial of Father Petcherine in Dublin for the alleged offence of burning some copies of the bible, gave rise to the most intense interest in Ireland. Father Petcherine belongs to the Order of Redemptorists, is Russian by birth, and a convert to our holy faith. His family is said to be of the nobility of Russia. The trial was concluded on the 8th of December, and the jury, composed of Catholics and Protestants, after a short deliberation, returned a verdict of *not guilty*. The *Tablet* of the 15th ultimo thus describes the scene that followed:

"A momentary pause, as if by common consent, followed the declaration of the verdict; and then a cheer, deafening and prolonged, rang through the court, unchecked by the looks of the judges, the gestures of the law officers, or the strenuous exertions of the constables. Not alone did the men—most of them of the respectable class—who filled the gallery, darken the air with their hats, sticks, and umbrellas, amid the exciting

uproar, but many of the ladies, who were in an intermediate gallery, rose upon the benches, shouted most vociferously, waved their handkerchiefs around them, and, in some instances, dancing with exultation upon the seats, took off their shawls and floated them to and fro in the air. A more extraordinary scene was never witnessed in a court of justice. Amid the tumult, groans for the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, the Rev. Mr. Wallace, and others who were supposed to take an interest in the prosecution, were freely shouted for and freely responded to, even amid the dreadful confusion; while cheers for the traverser, Mr. O'Hagan, and the jury, prolonged and increased the excitement."

The departure of the Rev. gentleman from the court was the signal for the renewal of the generous sympathy of the crowd surrounding the place. In the evening the town of Kingston, Dalkey, and the houses at Sandycove, were illuminated in honor of the triumphal acquittal of the distinguished divine.

The success attending the missions of the Redemptorist Fathers in Ireland is extraordinary. One of them writing to a friend in England thus describes the result of the first mission preached at St. Audeon's church: "I was kept up in the confessional a good part of the night, and so were others of the clergy. If we had forty or fifty priests, we should not gather all the fruit that might be gathered; and, therefore, you may see that a mission preached here (Ireland) bears double the fruit of those in England. Thousands upon thousands went to holy communion this morning at the different masses. Two, and sometimes even four priests were engaged in giving holy communion to the faithful, in order to dismiss the people, that others might take their place in the church; and the church, remember, accommodates thousands. You will be glad to hear how Almighty God has vouchsafed to bless our first mission in Ireland, by the conversion of fifty-five Protestants, and a confirmation of eight hundred and fifty, and more than twenty thousand communions. Hundreds and hundreds approached the holy sacraments for the first time in their life, or after many years absence."

The papers announce the death of the Very Rev. Father Murphy, a distinguished Capuchin, at the Convent of the Order, Dublin. The deceased was an intimate friend of Father Mathew, the apostle of temperance.

SCOTLAND.—It will be gratifying to our readers to know that Scotland is not behind in the great march that Catholicity is making throughout the world. Amid the greatest difficulties, and despite the stolid prejudices of the country against our venerated bishops, priests, nuns and teachers, 1855 has been an eventful year for the Catholic annals of Scotland. Several new missions have been established; two chapels have been purchased from the sectarians; six new churches have been opened in the eastern and western districts, and others enlarged, and several are now in course of erection; twelve new laborers have been added to the vineyard; several large schools have been erected, and others are in the course of erection; in several congregations more efficient and trained teachers have been introduced. The Marist Brothers of Christian Education have taken a house in Glasgow, which is to be the head-quarters of the Order for Great Britain, and from whence religious teachers will be sent to other places. Six young men's societies have been established, and now number nearly 1,800 members, each pledged to improve himself, religiously and intellectually, and use his influence for this end wherever he may go. Thus hath progressed the great cause in 1855 in Scotland. There are in the country at present 135 priests, and 141 churches and chapels.

RUSSIA.—Advices from St. Petersburg bring conflicting rumors relative to a desire for peace. It is said that the Council of State is divided on the subject, and that the Czar himself is inclined to a vigorous prosecution of the war, and that the Crimea should be retained at all hazards. The Grand Duke Nicholas was at Odessa on the 5th of December. Medals for the defence of Sebastopol were distributed; those for the officers were gold, and for the privates silver. On one side is an inscription running thus: "Dedicated to the brave army in eternal memory of the immortal defence of Sebastopol;" and on the other, "From the ever-to-be-regretted Emperor Nicholas, and from Alexander."

THE CRIMEA.—There is nothing important from the Crimea. The Russians have appeared on the heights on Ourkausta, and showed some manifestation of an attack on the French position on the Baidar Valley, with a view of restricting the ground covered by the Allies' outposts. They still continue to fire from the north side of Sebastopol, but occasion a trifling damage. The French have ceased to return their fire.

INDIA.—The Church in India has sustained a severe loss in the death of Dr. Carew, the learned Archbishop of Calcutta, who died on the 6th of November last. He has been succeeded by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Olliffe, Bishop of Mylene, who has been raised to the rank of Archbishop. He is a native of Dublin, Ireland.

The *Bengal Herald* of the 18th of August announces the return to the bosom of the Catholic Church, at Woorley, of three hundred persons (fishermen), who in 1850, had the misfortune to be drawn into schism by the excommunicated Braz Fernandez.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

1. ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.—*Religious Receptions.*—On the morning of the 27th of December, Sister Mary Cloud Agnes Fitzgerald made her solemn profession of the three religious vows, at the chapel of St. Francis, Mount de Sales, near this city. On the same occasion, Miss Annie Grafton, of Baltimore, received the religious veil, and took the name of Sister Mary Genevieve. During the last month the diocese has sustained the loss of an estimable priest, and three members of religious orders. See *Obituary*.

2. DIOCESE OF PITTSBURG.—*Ordination.*—On the Friday before Christmas, Mr. Michael Mullberger was raised to the order of sub-deaconship, at the Cathedral, Pittsburg, and on the following day the same Rev. gentleman, and the Rev. Thomas Ryan, were ordained deacons.—*Church Dedication.*—A new church at Ligonier, Westmoreland county, Pa., was dedicated to the service of Almighty God, by the Benedictine Fathers, on Sunday, the 25th of November.

St. Vincent's Abbey, Latrobe.—St. Vincent's Monastery, near Latrobe, in this diocese, has been recently raised to the dignity of an Abbey, and the Right Rev. Boniface Wimmer, its founder, has been appointed its first Mitred Abbot. This institution was founded in the year 1846, and has several houses connected with it, both in this diocese and in the diocese of Erie. The Abbot, who had gone to Rome on the business of the Monastery, has lately returned in good health to resume his charge under his new title. Father Boniface is thus the second Mitred Abbot in the United States. The other is Father Eutropius, Abbot of the Trappist Monastery at Gethsemani, Kentucky.

3. DIOCESE OF RICHMOND.—*Pastoral Changes.*—The Rev. J. Plunket has been transferred from Martinsburg to Portsmouth, and has been succeeded in the congregations at Martinsburg and Bath, by the Rev. Mr. Leonard. The Rev. Thos. Mulvey has been removed from Lynchburg to Petersburg; and the Rev. J. McGovern takes charge of the congregation at Lynchburg.

4. ARCHDIOCESE OF CINCINNATI.—St. Vincent's church at Mt. Vernon, Knox co., Ohio, was entered on the night of the 20th or 21st of December, and the ciborium carried off. The sacred vessel, at the time, contained the Most Blessed Eucharist, which was sacrilegiously destroyed. This is another evidence of the danger of leaving the consecrated elements in churches, especially in small villages and country places, unless under the protection of an iron safe. Nothing, however sacred, is secure against the rapacious grasp of an impious class that infests every community.

The burning of St. Mary's College.—St. Mary's College and Convent near Dayton, Ohio, have been accidentally destroyed by fire. The night being extremely cold, and water scarce, it was impossible to check the devouring element, until the buildings were in ruins. Most of the library was saved, and also the furniture, though more or less damaged. The principal edifice, consisting of a main building and two wings, was of brick, two stories in height. It answered at once the purposes of a school and a monastery, and accommodated at the time twenty-four pupils and sixteen religious, besides teachers, assistants, &c. The religious belong to the order called the children of St. Mary, which was founded in France about thirty years ago. The school and convent were under the direction of the Rev. Father Myers.

5. **DIOCESE OF ALBANY.**—The Catholics at Cohoes, New York, recently sustained a serious loss in the destruction of their church, St. Bernard's, of that place. It was totally destroyed by fire, supposed to have been accidental. There were a fair and festival being held in it at the time, and most of the articles were destroyed.

6. **DIOCESE OF HARTFORD.**—*Religious Reception.*—Miss Louise Carlton and Miss Ellen Purcell, received the habit and veil of the Order of Our Lady of Mercy, in the chapel of the Convent of the order at Providence, on the 18th December last—the former taking in religion the name of Sister Mary Louise Josephine, and the latter Sister Juliana.—On Thursday, the 10th inst., in the Cathedral, Hartford, Connecticut, Miss Mary Mullen received the habit and white veil of the Order of Mercy; taking the name of Sister Mary Michael.

7. **ARCHDIOCESE OF ST. LOUIS.**—We learn from the *Leader* that the Sisters of Charity are about to establish themselves permanently at Alton. They have purchased a large building in that city for the purpose of opening a Young Ladies' Seminary. A location is already selected for a hospital, of which the Sisters will have charge.

8. **DIOCESE OF BUFFALO.**—It is officially announced in the *Catholic Sentinel* that the Rt. Rev. Bishop's Diocesan Council for 1856 will consist of the Very Rev. L. Caneng, S. J., Very Rev. P. Bede, Rev. Charles McMullen, Rev. Thomas McEvoy and Rev. Francis O'Farrel. The council will meet at the episcopal residence on the first Wednesday of every month.

9. **DIOCESE OF VINCENNES.**—The Rev. Father Wininger lately conducted a retreat at Millhausen in this diocese, which has been attended with the happiest results. Besides the reviving piety among the faithful, three persons were admitted into the bosom of the Church. Two of them were American Protestants and the third a German Lutheran. A new church at Millhausen was dedicated and its bell blessed by Father Wininger. The Rev. gentleman then proceeded to Napoleon, where he preached with the same good results. Here also converts were made. Three Protestants, two gentlemen and a lady, sought admission into the true fold.

10. **DIOCESE OF DUBUQUE.**—On Thursday, January 6th, the Right Rev. Bishop of Dubuque visited Sinsinawa Mound College, and conferred tonsure, minor orders and sub-deaconship on the following gentlemen: J. B. Geraghty, T. L. Power, and B. M. Fortune, all of the order of St. Dominic. What added to the interest on this occasion, was the fact that it was the first time that orders were conferred in this beautiful section of country, where Catholicity is so rapidly increasing.

11. **DIOCESE OF DETROIT.**—The Right Rev. Bishop Baraga celebrated Pontifical Mass a little after midnight on Christmas morning, at Little Traverse Bay. At ten o'clock the same prelate again officiated pontifically, and administered the sacrament of confirmation to twenty-two persons; eighteen of whom made their first communion. In the afternoon vespers were sung in Indian, alternately by the Indians and the Sisters of the third order of St. Francis, who accompanied the singing with the delightful music of the melodeon. The same Right Rev. Prelate was at the remote mission of L'Arbre-Croche, early in December. The Rev. Father Wicamp, of the third order of St. Francis, had previously gone to this place with his community, consisting of ten brothers and eleven sisters, for the purpose of establishing a new mission in that vicinity. Two of the brothers were to receive tonsure and the four minor orders on the feast of the Immaculate Conception. The community has already established separate schools for boys and girls, and intend at no distant day to open a college.

OBITUARY.—It is our painful duty to record this month the demise of the *Rev Pierre Frédet*, of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Baltimore, which took place on the 1st of January, in the 56th year of his age. Mr. Frédet was born in France, of parents who held a highly respectable position in the world, and who were equally conspicuous for their piety. Having completed his studies, and been raised to the priesthood, he attached himself to the Society of St. Sulpice, and was employed for several years as professor of theology at Rhodéz. He thence passed over to America, in 1831, and from that period to about a year before his death, he was occupied in the Seminary at Baltimore as lecturer on divinity, scripture, and history. He was also for some time a professor of history and French in St. Mary's College, which has since been discontinued. Mr. Frédet had a remarkably clear mind, which by assiduous application had become a store-house of sacred and profane learnings. His *Ancient and Modern Histories*, his "Eucharistic Mystery," and other writings, will be enduring monuments of his talents and erudition, while his ardent piety, great humility, and kind bearing towards all, will ever reflect the brightest lustre upon his character as a priest of God.

The funeral ceremony at St. Mary's Chapel was attended by several clergymen of the city, besides those of the Seminary. The Mass of Requiem was sung by the Very Rev. Superior; the Most Rev. Archbishop presided at the Absolution, and the Rev. A. Vérot, although called upon unexpectedly, delivered an interesting discourse upon the life and character of the deceased.

A more extended notice of Rev. Mr. Frédet will appear in an early number.

Died, on the 24th of December last at St. Joseph's, Emmitsburg, Sister Cephas, who had been for several years at the head of Mount Hope Hospital in this city.

The venerable Mother Angela departed this life on Tuesday, the 1st instant, at the Carmelite Convent in this city, in the 80th year of her age. The venerable deceased entered the convent at the age of 26, and passed upwards of half a century within its walls. Her family name was Mary A. Mudd, and a native of this State. Also, at the same Convent, on the 19th of December, Sister Veronica, in the 41st year of her age, and 15th of her religious profession. *May they rest in peace.*

SECULAR AFFAIRS.

FRIGHTFUL EFFECTS OF FANATICISM.—A fearful tragedy lately occurred at New Haven, Conn., the effects of a frenzied religious excitement. It appears that a Mrs. Wakeman, a woman of seventy years of age, had proclaimed herself a prophetess, and the head of a new religious sect, which held its meetings at her house. Among those who attended these meetings was a Mr. Matthews, who, although a partial believer in her views, did not come up to her notions of perfection. She declared that he possessed an evil spirit, that gave her much trouble. This appeared to some of her deluded followers sufficient to justify his removal from this troubled world; they accordingly murdered him in a horrid manner, by cutting his throat in the house of the prophetess. One of the fanatics named Samuel Sly, confessed the murder. Two other murderers followed this, perpetrated by the deluded followers of the prophetess. The victims were old and respectable inhabitants of the neighborhood of New Haven.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—A party lately arrived at St. Paul's, Minnesota, from the Red River, bringing what is said to be authentic intelligence concerning Sir John Franklin's party, which is reported to have perished on the coast opposite Montreal Island. They perished from hunger and exposure. Several articles known to have belonged to the Franklin expedition were found.

CONGRESS.—Congress still remains unorganized. Parties remain about the same they did a month ago. It is anticipated, however, that an organization will shortly be effected.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—Among the more important works announced for early publication, we direct attention to the following:

Messrs. *Childs & Peterson*, Philadelphia.—Dr. Kane's Arctic Exploration. As Dr. Kane has penetrated farther north, and examined more minutely the arctic regions than any previous explorer, the work will no doubt be an important and valuable acquisition to literature; and if we may judge from the publishers' announcement of the expenditure which is about being incurred in its production, we may fairly conclude that it will be one of the most elaborate works ever issued in the country.

Messrs. *Dunigan & Bro.*, New York.—A New Life of the Blessed Virgin, by Gentillucci;—Hours before the Altar, by De la Bouillerie;—the Conversion of Ratisbonne;—and the following tales: Fruit and Flowers;—The Little Snow Drop, by Miss Caddell;—The Hamiltons, by Miss Berkeley;—Conscience, by Mrs. Dorsey.

Mr. P. O'Shea, New York, announces under the Title of "The Catholic Useful and Entertaining Library," a Series of Biographies, Tales and other Works of an Amusing and Instructive character;—The Life of Guendoline Princess Borghese, translated from the German, by the Rev. A. F. Hewit;—The Life of Abulcher Bisciarah, from the Italian of Father Brescinani, by the Rev. A. F. Hewit. We are happy to find this young Publisher commencing such a useful Series, under the guidance of one so eminently qualified as Father Hewit.

P. Donohoe, Boston.—Roth's Life of Napoleon III;—Hayes' Ballad Poetry of Ireland;—Smith O'Brien's Principles of Government.

Messrs. *Webb, Gill & Levering*, Louisville.—The Catholic Question in Politics; a Series of Letters addressed to G. D. Prentice, Esq. of the Louisville Journal.

Murphy & Co., Baltimore.—Tales of Old Flanders: Count Hugo of Craenhove; Wooden Clara;—The Miser; Ricketicketack; by Conscience, being numbers 4 and 5 of the Amusing Library;—Rev. Dr. White's Life of Mrs. Eliza A. Seaton, a new revised edition;—A new edition of Hughes & Breckenbridge's Oral Discussion;—Chateaubriand's Genius of Christianity, or the Spirit and Beauties of the Christian Religion, translated by the Rev. C. I. White, D. D.—The Catholic Pulpit, a new edition;—First Communion, a Series of Letters to the Young;—A New revised and Illustrated edition of Pauline Seward, by John D. Bryant, M. D.—A Uniform edition of Conscience's Popular Tales, viz: The Lion of Flanders;—The Curse of the Village;—The War of the Peasants;—Tales of Old Flanders;—Ricketicketack;—the Miser, &c.—The Gospel Story Book, illustrated;—The Pope and the Pagan, a New Tale, by a distinguished and popular author.